

THE

SHINING STAR

NEW YORK

F. J. HUNTINGTON, BROOME ST.

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Good P. D. School



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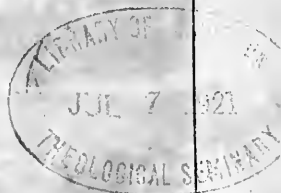
THE
SHINING STAR:

A NEW COLLECTION OF
HYMNS AND TUNES
FOR
SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

✓
BY T. E. PERKINS,

AUTHOR OF THE "OLIVE BRANCH," "ORIENTAL GLEE BOOK," ETC.

NEW YORK:
F. J. HUNTINGTON, BROOME STREET.



P R E F A C E .

MULTITUDES have been willingly fettered by "Golden Chains," thousands deluged by "Golden Showers," and hundreds have been listeners to the pealing of the "Silver Chimes." Amid all this commotion, we assure our friends that it has required no little courage to call the public attention to another book of the same sort. Encouraged, however, by friends whose judgment we prize above our own, **THE STAR** appears.

A friend of long experience, and zealous as a teacher, after a trial of several of the pieces, says: "The thoughts are naturally and beautifully expressed. The music is fresh—full of variety and beauty." Another says: "The music will be sure to be sung at home." We ask those who feel that the introduction of new music would give renewed life and interest to their Sabbath Schools, to try the "**STAR**." Our earnest prayer has been, that it may prove a "**SHINING STAR**," bright o'er hill and valley, cheering the shepherd and Sabbath-school flock wherever gathered.

Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1863, by

T. E. PERKINS,

In the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States for the Southern District of New York.

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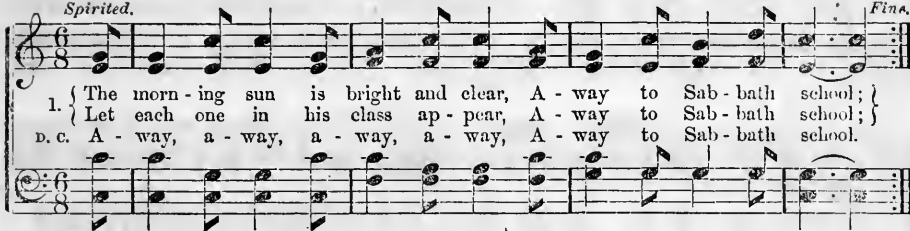
THE SHINING STAR.

THE MORNING SUN. (New.)

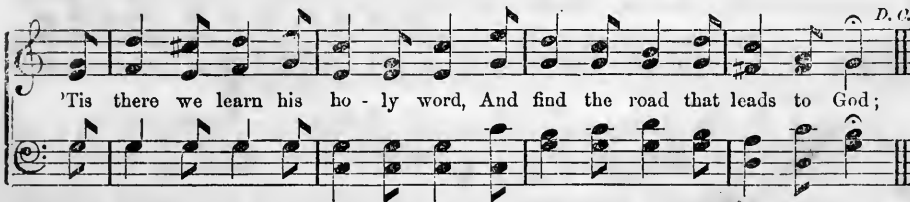
T. E. P.

Spirited.

Fine.



1. { The morn - ing sun is bright and clear, A - way to Sab - bath school ; }
 { Let each one in his class ap - pear, A - way to Sab - bath school ; }
 d. c. A - way, a - way, a - way, a - way, A - way to Sab - bath school.




'Tis there we learn his ho - ly word, And find the road that leads to God ;

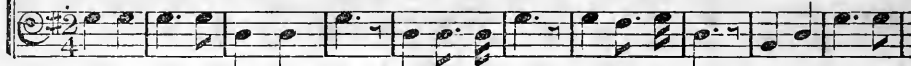

2.
 In season let us all be there,
 Away to Sabbath school ;
 That we may join the opening pray'r,
 Away to Sabbath school ;
 There we can raise our hearts to heaven,
 And praise the Lord for blessings given :
 Away, away, away, away,
 Away to Sabbath school.

3.
 Let us remember while at prayer,
 When at the Sabbath school,
 Our teachers' kindness and their care
 For us in Sabbath school.
 We'll be submissive, good, and kind,
 And every rule and order mind ;
 When we're at school, at Sabbath school,
 When we're at Sabbath school.


4.
 When each at night shall go to prayer,
 We'll ask our God above
 To give our teachers his kind care,
 And crown them with his love,
 And when on earth our time is sped,
 And we are numbered with the dead,
 If faithful we shall meet above,
 We all shall meet above.



1. O, we love the Sab-bath school, Sweet Sabbath school; Sweet Sabbath school; Cheerful - ly we'll
 2. And we love to ear - ly meet In Sabbath school, In Sabbath school, Wisdom's le-ssons
 3. Here we read the word of truth In Sabbath school; In Sabbath school; Learn to love the

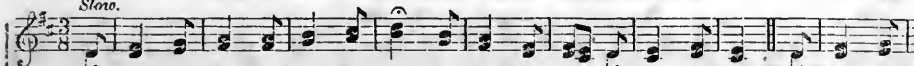

Chorus.


mind each rule Of our Sab - bath school. When the Sabbath's morning light Drives a-way the
 to re - peat, In the Sab - bath school. O we would that from the street, Ev - ery care-less
 Lord in youth In the Sab - bath school. While we live our prayers shall be, Let the wond'ring



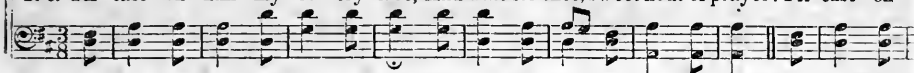


shades of night, O, it is a pleasant sight To see our Sabbath school, To see our Sabbath school.
 child we meet Might be brought to Je - sus' feet In our sweet Sabbath school, In our sweet Sabbath school.
 na-tions see That the children of the free All love the Sabbath school, All love the Sabbath school.



Slow.


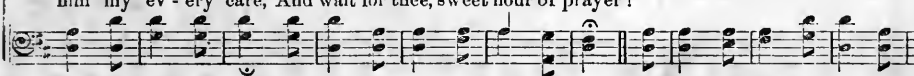
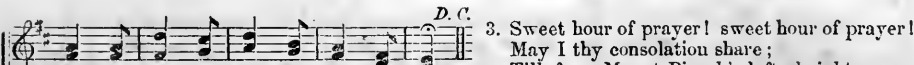
1. Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer! That calls me from a world of care, And bids me
 d. c. And oft es-caped the tempter's snare By thy return, sweet hour of prayer! And oft es -

1. Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer! Thy wings shall my peti - tion bear, To him whose
 d. c. I'll cast on him my ev - ery care, And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer! I'll cast on


Fine.


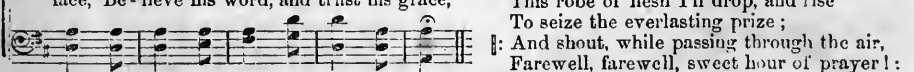
at my Father's throne Make all my wants and wishes known : In sea-sons of distress and
 caped the tempter's snare By thy return, sweet hour of prayer!

truth and faith-ful - ness Eu-gage the wait-ing soul to bless ; And since he bids me seek his
 him my ev - ery care, And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer!


D. C.


grief, My soul has of - ten found re - lief ;
 face, Be - lieve his word, and trust his grace,

3. Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!
 May I thy consolation share ;
 Till, from Mount Pisgah's lofty height,
 I view my home, and take my flight :
 This robe of flesh I'll drop, and rise
 To seize the everlasting prize ;
 And shout, while passing through the air,
 Farewell, farewell, sweet hour of prayer! :


From the "GOLDEN CHAIN," by permission.



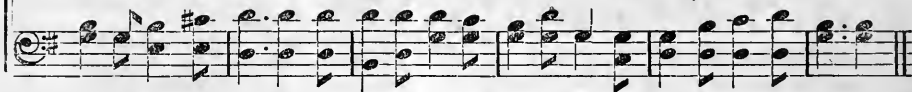
1. There is no name so sweet on earth, No name so sweet in heav - en, The name, be-fore his
 2. His human name they did proclaim, When Abram's son they sealed him, The name that still, by



wondrous birth, To Christ, the Saviour giv - en. We love to sing a - round our King, And
 God's good will, De - liv - er - er re - vealed him. We love, &c.



hail him blessed Je-sus : For there's no word ear ever heard, So dear, so sweet as Je - sus.



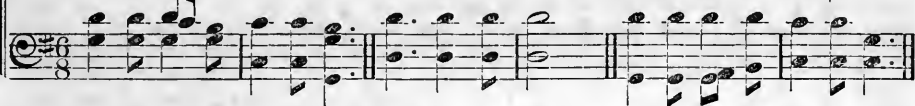
- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>3. And when he hung upon the tree,
 They wrote this name above him,
 That all might see the reason we
 For ever more must love him. We love, &c.</p> | <p>4. So now upon his Father's throne,
 Almighty to release us
 From sin and pains, he gladly reigns,
 The Prince and Saviour Jesus. We love, &c.</p> |
|---|---|

THE LONELY TRAVELER.

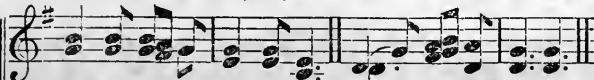
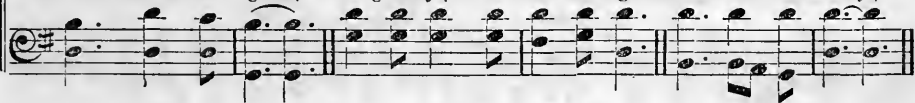
H. P. MAIN, 7



1. I'm a lone-ly trav'ler here, Wea-ry, op-pressed: But my journey's end is near,
2. I'm a wea-ry trav'ler here, I must go on, For my journey's end is near.

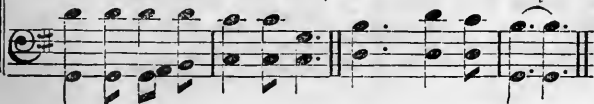


Soon I shall rest! Dark and drea-ry is the way, Toil-ing I've come;
I must be gone; Brighter joys than earth can give, Win me a-way;



3 I'm a trav'ler to a land
Where all is fair;
Where is seen no broken oand,
All, all are there.
Where no tear shall ever fall,
Nor heart be sad;
Where the glory is for all,
And all are glad.

Ask me not with you to stay; Yon-der's my home.
Pleasures that for ev-er live, I can not stay.





1. List-en to the ros-es, List-en to the rills, List-en to the breezes, Whispering o'er the hills;
2. List-en to the rain-drops, List-en to the dew, List-en to the sun-shine, Whisper-ing to you;



They have each a bur-den For the will-ing ear, Ev-er to the list'ner Whispering, "God is near."
These are spir-it voi-ces, Speaking to the heart, God is ev-er near thee, Wherso-e'er thou art.

Chorus.


God is near thee Night and day, God will hear thee, Therefore pray, God is near thee, Night and day, God will, &c.

Cheerful.

1. { There is a happy land, Far, far a - way,
Where saints in glo-ry stand, [Omit. - - - -] Bright, bright as day. Oh, how they sweetly sing.

Worthy is our Sav-iour King, Loud let his prais-es ring; Praise, praise for aye!

2. Come to that happy land,
Come, come away;
Why will ye doubting stand,
Why still delay?
Oh, we shall happy be,
When from sin and sorrow free,
Lord, we shall live with thee,
Blest, blest for aye!

3. Bright in that happy land
Beams every eye;
Kept by a Father's hand,
Love can not die.
Oh, then, to glory run;
Be a crown and kingdom won;
And bright, above the sun,
We reign for aye.

mf

1. Beau - ti - ful Zi - on, built a - bove, Beau - ti - ful cit - y that I

Cres. *f*

love! Beautiful gates of pearly white, Beautiful temple — God its light!

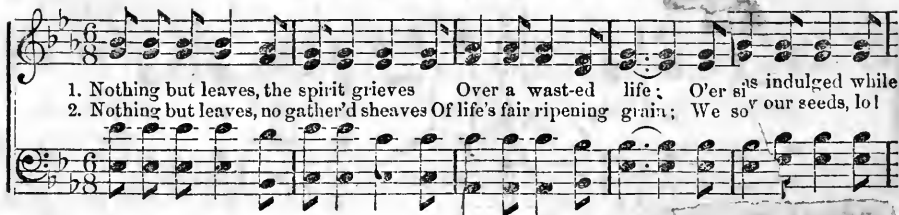
mp

He who was slain on Cal - - va - ry, O - pens those pearl - y

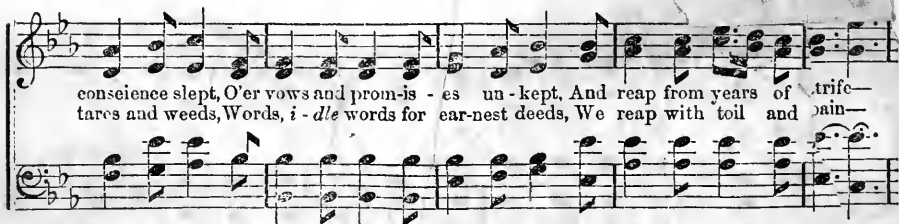
The musical score is written for two staves, Treble and Bass clef, in a key with two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The first system begins with a forte (*f*) dynamic. The lyrics are: "gate to me, Zi - - on, Zi - on, love - ly". The second system begins with a piano (*pp*) dynamic and includes the instruction "Repeat pp". The lyrics are: "Zi - on, Beau - ti - ful Zi - on, cit - y of our God." The score concludes with a final double bar line.

2 Beautiful heav'n where all is light,
 Beautiful angels, clothed in white;
 Beautiful strains that never tire,
 Beautiful harps thro' all the choir;
 There shall I join the chorus sweet,
 Worshipping at the Saviour's feet.
 Beautiful crowns on every brow.
 Beautiful palms the conquerors show;
 Beautiful robes the ransomed wear,

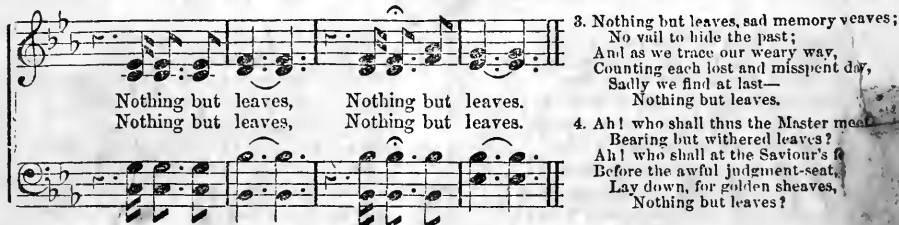
Beautiful all who enter there;
 Thither I press with eager feet,
 There shall my rest be long and sweet.
 4 Beautiful throne for Christ our King,
 Beautiful songs the angels sing;
 Beautiful rest—all wanderings cease,
 Beautiful home of perfect peace;
 There shall my eyes the Saviour see.
 Haste to his heavenly home with me.



1. Nothing but leaves, the spirit grieves Over a wast-ed life; O'er si's indulged while
2. Nothing but leaves, no gather'd sheaves Of life's fair ripening grain; We so^v our seeds, lo!



conscience slept, O'er vows and prom-is - es un-kept, And reap from years of trife—
tares and weeds, Words, i - dle words for ear-nest deeds, We reap with toil and pain—



Nothing but leaves, Nothing but leaves.
Nothing but leaves, Nothing but leaves.

3. Nothing but leaves, sad memory veaves;
No vail to hide the past;
And as we trace our weary way,
Counting each lost and misspent day,
Sadly we find at last—
Nothing but leaves.

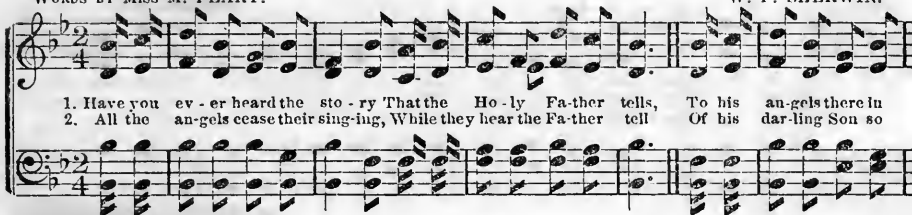
4. Ah! who shall thus the Master meet
Bearing but withered leaves?
Ah! who shall at the Saviour's feet
Before the awful judgment-seat,
Lay down, for golden sheaves,
Nothing but leaves?

O, BE GLAD YE CHILDREN.

13

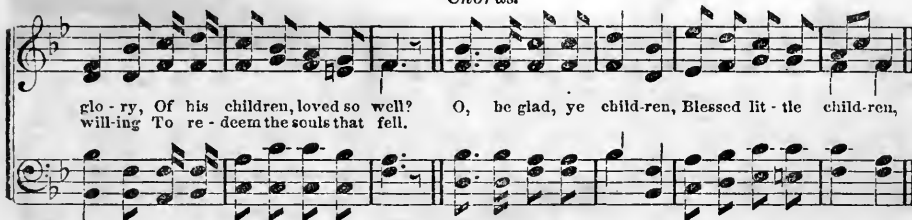
WORDS BY MISS M. FEARY.

W. F. SHERWIN.



1. Have you ev - er heard the sto - ry That the Ho - ly Fa - ther tells, To his an - gels there in
2. All the an - gels cease their sing - ing, While they hear the Fa - ther tell Of his dar - ling Son so

Chorus.



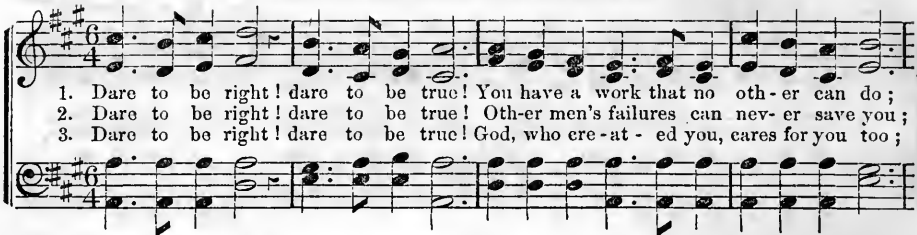
glo - ry, Of his children, loved so well? O, be glad, ye child - ren, Blessed lit - tle child - ren,
will - ing To re - deem the souls that fell.



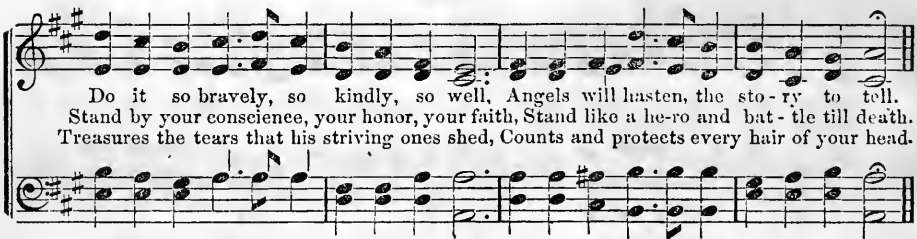
Yes, be glad, ye chil - dren, For Je - sus loves you well.

3. Then the happy angels winging
Bright their way thro' realms above,
Listened to the children, singing
Of the dear Redeemer's love, Cho.

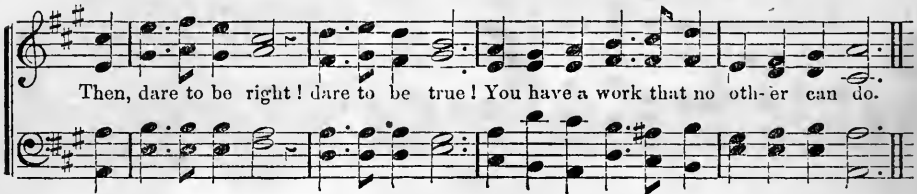
4. Back they flew to thrones all shining,
And from golden harp strings rung
Sweetest music, ever shining
With the song the children sung. Cho.



1. Dare to be right! dare to be true! You have a work that no oth-er can do;
 2. Dare to be right! dare to be true! Oth-er men's failures can nev-er save you;
 3. Dare to be right! dare to be true! God, who cre-at-ed you, cares for you too;



Do it so bravely, so kindly, so well, Angels will hasten, the sto-ry to tell.
 Stand by your conscience, your honor, your faith, Stand like a he-ro and bat-tle till death.
 Treasures the tears that his striving ones shed, Counts and protects every hair of your head.

Chorus.


Then, dare to be right! dare to be true! You have a work that no oth-er can do.

THERE IS AN HOUR.

From the German. 15

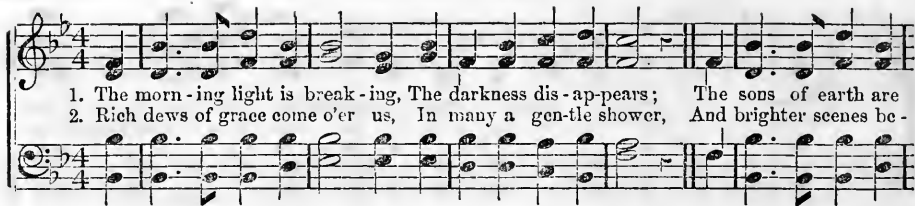
1. There is an hour of peaceful rest, To mourning wanderers given: There
 2. There is a home for wea-ry souls, By sins and sor-rows driven; When

is a tear for souls distressed, A balm for ev-ery wounded breast, 'Tis
 tossed on life's tem-pest-nous shoals, Where storms a-rise—and o'-cean rolls, And

found a-lone—in heaven.
 all is dear—but heaven.

3 There faith lifts up the tearless eye,
 The heart with anguish riven;
 It views the tempest passing by,
 Sees evening shadows quickly fly,
 And all serene—in heaven.

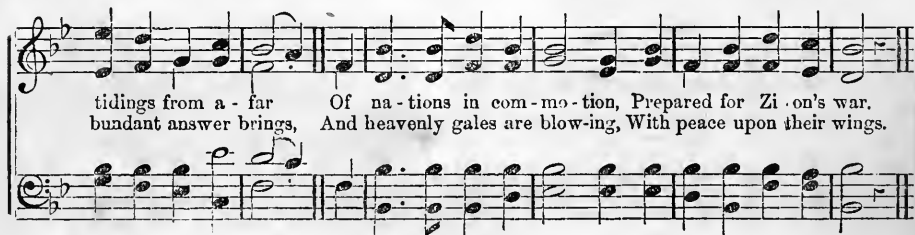
4 There fragrant flowers immortal bloom,
 And joys supreme are given;
 There rays divine disperse the gloom;
 Beyond the dark and narrow tomb
 Appears the dawn—of heaven.



1. The morn - ing light is break - ing, The darkness dis - ap - pears; The sons of earth are
 2. Rich dews of grace come o'er us, In many a gen - tle shower, And brighter scenes be -



wak - ing To pen - i - ten - tial tears: Each breeze that sweeps the o - cean Brings
 fore us Are opening ev - ery hour: Each cry to heav - en go - ing A -



tidings from a - far Of na - tions in com - mo - tion, Prepared for Zi - on's war.
 boundant answer brings, And heavenly gales are blow - ing, With peace upon their wings.

3. See heathen nations bending
 Before the God of love,
 And thousand hearts ascending
 In gratitude above :
 While sinners, now confessing,
 The gospel's call obey,
 And seek a Saviour's blessing,
 A nation in a day.

4. Blest river of salvation,
 Pursue thy onward way ;
 Flow thou to every nation,
 Nor in thy richness stay :
 Stay not till all the lowly
 Triumphant reach their home,
 Stay not till all the holy
 Proclaim the Lord is come.

When shall the Voice of Singing.

1. WHEN shall the voice of singing,
 Flow joyfully along,
 When hill and valley ringing,
 With one triumphant song,
 Proclaim the contest ended,
 And him who once was slain,
 Again to earth descended,
 In righteousness to reign ?

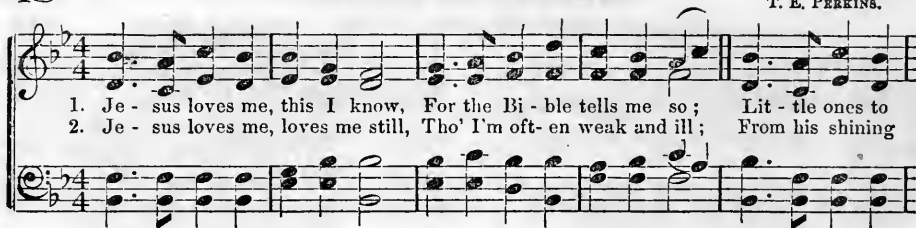
2. Then from the craggy mountains
 The sacred shout shall fly :
 And shady vales and fountains
 Shall echo the reply ;
 High tower and lowly dwelling
 Shall send the chorus round,
 All hallelujah swelling
 In one eternal sound.

Evening Hymn.

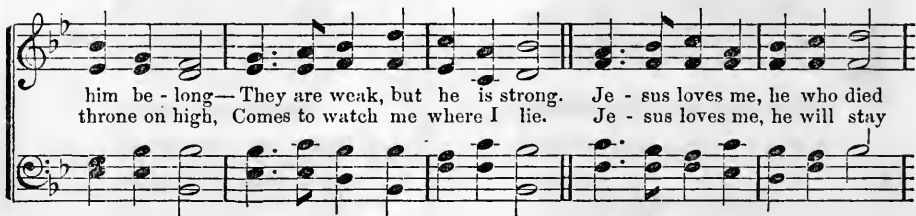
1. THE mellow eve is gliding
 Serenely down the west :
 So every care subsiding
 My soul would sink to rest.
 The woodland hum is ringing
 The daylight's gentle close—
 May angels, round me singing,
 Thus hymn my last repose.
2. The evening star has lighted
 Her crystal lamp on high :
 So, when in death benighted,
 May hope illumine the sky.
 In golden splendor dawning,
 The morrow's light shall break :
 O, on the last bright morning,
 May I in glory wake.

The Gospel Banner.

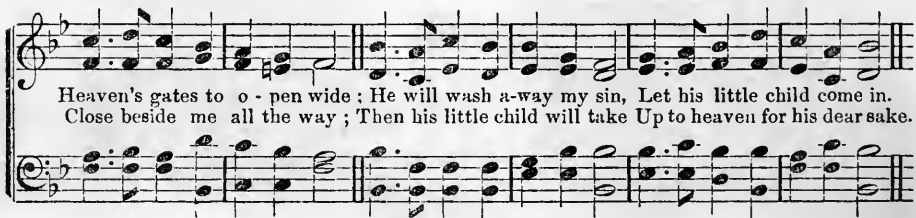
1. Now be the gospel banner
 In every land unfurled,
 And be the shout hosanna,
 Reëchoed through the world ;
 Till every isle and nation,
 Till every tribe and tongue,
 Receive the great salvation,
 And join the happy throng.
2. Yes, thou shalt reign forever,
 O Jesus ! King of kings ?
 Thy light, thy love, thy favor,
 Each ransomed captive sings ;
 The isles for thee are waiting,
 The deserts learn thy praise,
 The hills and valleys greeting,
 The song responsive raise.



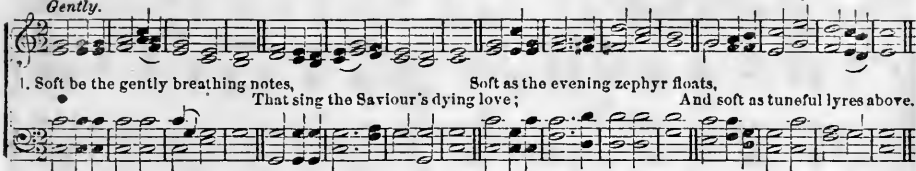
1. Je - sus loves me, this I know, For the Bi - ble tells me so ; Lit - tle ones to
2. Je - sus loves me, loves me still, Tho' I'm oft - en weak and ill ; From his shining



him be - long—They are weak, but he is strong. Je - sus loves me, he who died
throne on high, Comes to watch me where I lie. Je - sus loves me, he will stay



Heaven's gates to o - pen wide ; He will wash a-way my sin, Let his little child come in.
Close beside me all the way ; Then his little child will take Up to heaven for his dear sake.

Gently.

1. Soft be the gently breathing notes,

That sing the Saviour's dying love;

Soft as the evening zephyr floats,

And soft as tuneful lyres above.

Soft as the morning dews descend,
 While warbling birds exulting soar;
 So soft to our almighty Friend
 Be every sigh our bosoms pour.

3. Pure as the sun's enlivening ray,
 That scatters life and joy abroad;
 Pure as the lucid orb of day,
 That wide proclaims its Maker, God.

The Love of Jesus.

1. I KNOW 'tis Jesus loves my soul,
 And makes the wounded spirit whole;
 My nature is by sin defiled,
 Yet Jesus loves a little child.
2. How kind to Jesus, oh, how good
 'Twas for my soul he shed his blood;
 For children's sake he was reviled,
 For Jesus loves a little child:
3. When I offend by thought or tongue,
 Omit the right or do the wrong;
 If I repent, he's reconciled,
 For Jesus loves a little child.

4. To me may Jesus now impart,
 Although so young, a gracious heart:
 Alas! I'm oft by sin defiled,
 Yet Jesus loves a little child.

Sleeping in Jesus.

1. ASLEEP in Jesus! blessed sleep,
 From which none ever wakes to weep;
 A calm and undisturbed repose,
 Unbroken by the last of foes.
2. Asleep in Jesus! oh, how sweet,
 To be for such a slumber meet!
 With holy confidence to sing
 That death has lost his cruel sting.
3. Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest,
 Whose waking is supremely blest;
 No fear, no woe, shall dim the hour
 That manifests the Saviour's power.
4. Asleep in Jesus! oh, for me
 May such a blissful refuge be;
 Securely shall my ashes lie,
 Waiting a summons from on high.

Words by Mrs. H. E. BROWN.

T. F. SEWARD.



1. I'm going to be a sol - dier, Gird on my ar - mor bright, And

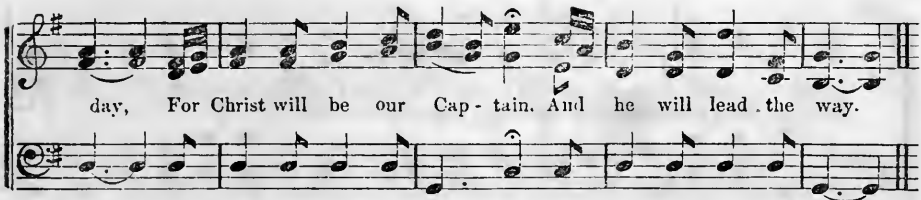
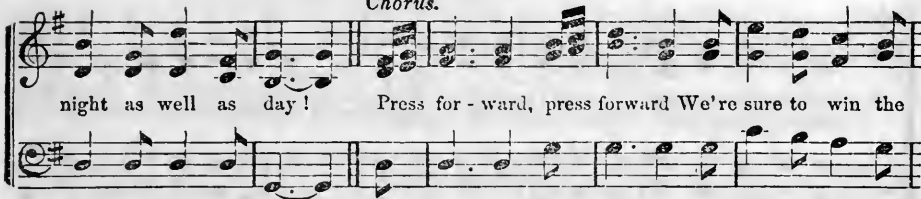


with my valiant com-rades, I'll take the field and fight; I'll nev-er mind the



hardships, Or dan-gers of the way, I'll, watch, and toil, and wres - tle, By

Chorus.

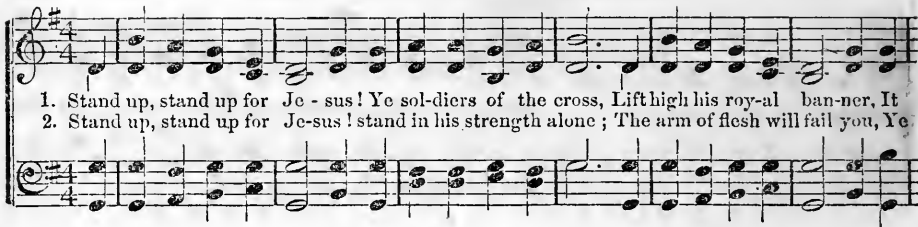


2.

The foes that will assail me,
 Are subtle, fierce and strong,
 The war that they are waging,
 Will deadly be and long;
 But I've a well tried helmet.
 A sword and trusty shield.
 To quench the fiery arrows,
 That Satan's hand may wield.—*Cho.*

3.

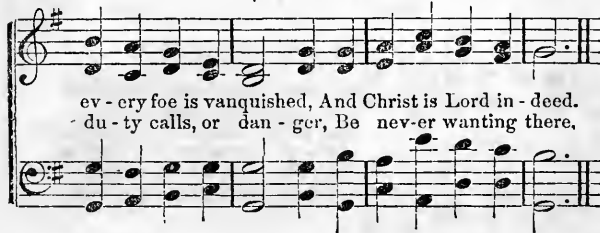
I know I am but feeble,
 But Jesus is my head,
 He's wise, and strong, and able
 To triumph he will lead;
 And when, beneath his banner,
 I've gained the victor's crown,
 With one loud, loud Hosanna,
 I'll lay my armor down.—*Cho.*



1. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus! Ye sol-diers of the cross, Lift high his roy-al ban-ner, It
2. Stand up, stand up for Je-sus! stand in his strength alone; The arm of flesh will fail you, Ye



must not suf-fer loss. From vic-t'ry un - to vic-t'ry His ar - my shall he lead, Till
dare not trust your own. Put on the gos-pel ar-mor, And watching un-to prayer Where

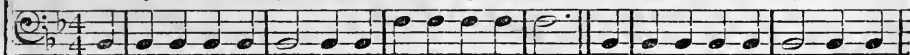


ev - ery foe is vanquished, And Christ is Lord in - deed.
du - ty calls, or dan - ger, Be nev-er wanting there,

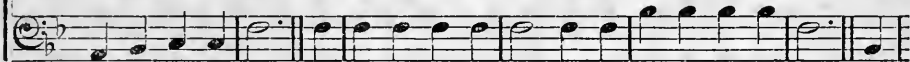
4.
Stand up—stand up for Jesus!
The strife will not be long;
This day the noise of battle,
The next the victor's song.
To him that overcometh,
A crown of life shall be;
He with the King of glory
Shall reign eternally.



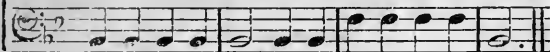
1. This pleasant Sabbath morning, God's holy, blessed day, We'll gather with our teachers To
- 2. And, while our praise we render With earnest, joyful lay, In accents mild and ten-der, We
3. "And in my arms I'll bear you, Safe from the tempter's snare, And thro' life's dangerous journey Your



stud-y, sing, and pray; For, tho' we are but chil-dren, Our Saviour loves to hear The
seem to hear him say: "Come un-to me, dear children, My love I'll give to you, I'll
souls shall be my care." Then let us hast-en to him, Now in our ear-ly youth, And



hum'ble prayers we of-fer, If they are but sin-cere.
change your sinful natures, And make your hearts anew.
lay our hearts before him, And learn to love his truth.



4.

And then, whate'er befall us
In youth or riper years,
He'll kindly soothe our sorrows,
And wipe away our tears.
And in those heavenly mansions,
Where he has gone before,
To make a happy home for us,
We'll praise him evermore.

Moderato.

1. I've read of a world of beau - ty, Where there is no gloom - y night, While
 2. I've read of its flow - ing riv - er, That bursts from be - neath the throne, And
 3. To rise to that world of light, And breathe its balm - y air, To.

love is the mainspring of du - ty, And God is the fountain of light; I long, I
 beau - ti - ful trees that ev - er, Are found on its banks a - lone; I long, &c.
 walk with the Lamb in white, And sing with the an - gels there; I long, &c.

long, I long to be there; I long, I long, I long to be there.

1. There is a land im - mortal, The beau - ti - ful of lands, Be - side its an - cient por - tal, A
d. s. And mortals who pass thro' it, Are

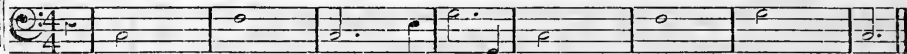
Fine. si - lent sentry stands; He on - ly can un - do it, And o - pen wide the door,
mortals nev - er more. *D. S.*

2.
Though dark and drear the passage
That leadeth to the gate,
Yet grace comes with the message,
To souls that watch and wait;
And at the time appointed
A messenger comes down,
And leads the Lord's anointed
From cross to glory's crown.

3.
Their sighs are lost in singing,
They're blessed in their tears,
Their journey heavenward winging,
They leave on earth their fears:
Death like an angel seemeth;
"We welcome thee," they cry;
Their face with glory beameth,
'Tis life for them to die!



1. How dearly God must love us, And this poor world of ours, To spread blue skies above us, And deck the earth with flowers.



Chorus.

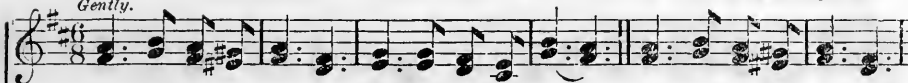


O may God's mercies move us To serve him with our powers, For, O how he must love us, And this poor world of ours.

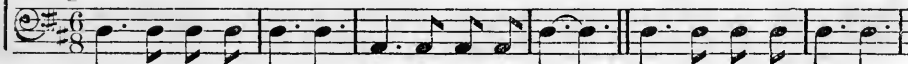


2. There's not a weed so lowly,
Nor bird that cleaves the air,
But tells in accents holy
His kindness and his care.
Cho.—O may God's mercies, &c.
3. He bids the sun to warm us,
And light the path we tread ;
At night, lest aught should harm us,
He guards our welcome bed.
Cho.—O may God's mercies, &c.

4. He gives our needful clothing,
And sends our daily food ;
His love denies us nothing
His wisdom deemeth good.
Cho.—O may God's mercies, &c.
5. The Bible, too, he sends us,
That tells how Jesus came,
Whose blood can save and cleanse us
From guilt, and sin, and shame.
Cho.—O may God's mercies &c.

Gently.

1. Chide mild-ly the err-ing, Kind language en-dears, Grief fol-lows the sin-ful,
 d. c. The heart which is strick-en Needs nev-er a blow; The heart which is strick-en

*Fine.**D. C.*

Add not to their tears; A-void with re-proach-es Fresh pain to be-stow,
 Needs nev-er a blow.



2. Chide mildly the erring,
 Jeer not at their fall;
 If strength be but human,
 How weakly were all!
 What marvel that footsteps
 Should wander astray,
 When tempests so shadow
 Life's wearisome way.

3. Chide mildly the erring,
 Entreat them with care,
 Their natures are mortal,
 They need not despair.
 We all have some frailty,
 We all are unwise;
 The grace which redeems us
 Must come from the skies.

1. Yes, for me, for me he care-eth, With a broth-er's ten-der care;

Yes, with me, with me he shar-eth Ev-ery bur-den, ev-ery fear.
 d. s. Yes, ev'n me, ev'n me he snatch-eth From the per-ils of the way.

Fine.

Yes, o'er me, o'er me he watch-eth, Ceaseless watch-eth, night and day;

D. S.

2. Yes, for me he standeth pleading,
At the mercy-seat above;
Ever for me interceding,
Constant in untiring love.
Yes, in me abroad he sheddeth
Joy unearthly, love and light;
And to cover me he spreadeth
His paternal wing of might.

3. Yes, in me, in me, he dwelleth;
I in him, and he in me!
And my empty soul he filleth,
Here and through eternity.
Thus I wait for his returning,
Singing all the way to heaven:
Such the joyful song of morning,
Such the tranquil song of even.

Jesus, tender Shepherd, hear us.

1. JESUS, tender Shepherd, hear us,
Bless thy little lambs to-night;
Through the darkness be thou near us;
Keep us safe till morning light;
All this day, thy hand has led us;
And we thank thee for thy care;
Thou hast clothed us, warmed us, fed us;
Listen to our evening prayer.
2. May our sins be all forgiven;
Bless the friends we love so well;
Take us when we die to heaven,
Happy there with thee to dwell,
May our sins be all forgiven;
Bless the friends, we love so well;
Take us when we die to heaven,
Happy there with thee to dwell.

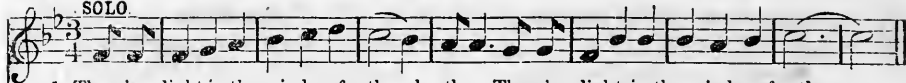
Our Guide.

1. GENTLY, Lord, oh, gently lead us,
Through this gloomy vale of tears,
Through the changes thou'st decreed us;
Till our last great change appears.
When temptation's darts assail us;
When in devious paths we stray;
Let thy goodness never fail us;
Lead us in thy perfect way.
2. In the hour of pain and anguish;
In the hour when death draws near,
Suffer not our hearts to languish,
Suffer not our souls to fear.
When this mortal life is ended,
Bid us in thine arms to rest,
Till by angel hands attended,
We awake among the blest.

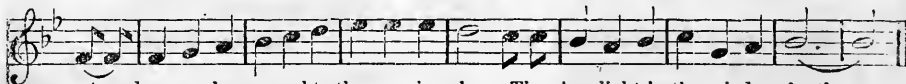
Take my Heart.

1. TAKE my heart, O Father, take it;
Make and keep it all thine own;
Let thy Spirit melt and break it.
Turn to flesh this heart of stone.
Heavenly Father, deign to mold it
In obedience to thy will;
And, as passing years unfold it,
Keep it meek and childlike still.
2. Father, make it pure and lowly,
Peaceful, kind, and far from strife,
Turning from the paths unholy
Of this vain and sinful life.
May the blood of Jesus heal it,
And its sins be all forgiven;
Holy Spirit, take and seal it.
Guide it in the path to heaven.

SOLO



1. There's a light in the window for thee, brother, There's a light in the window for thee ;
2. There's a crown, and a robe, and a palm, brother, When from toil and from care you are free ;



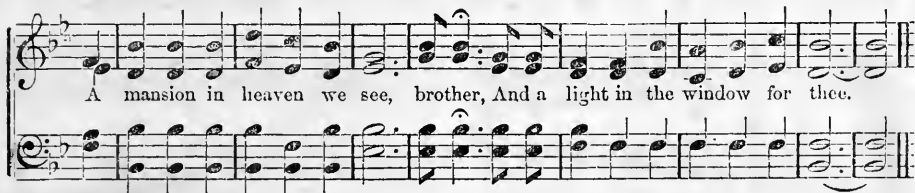
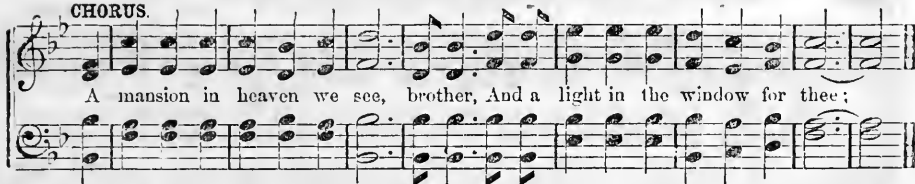
A dear one has moved to the mansion above, There's a light in the window for thee.
The Saviour has gone to prepare you a home, With a light in the window for thee.



* The following interesting incident has given rise to the beautiful song, "A Light in the Window."

A boy, at the age of twelve years, worked out by the day to support a widowed mother, carrying home his earnings at night. "One night," he says, "it being very dark and muddy, and having three miles to travel, and a heavy bundle to carry, I did not reach home until late. My mother, feeble and weary, had retired, but she quickly aroused when

CHORUS.



3.

O watch, and be faithful, and pray, brother,
 All your journey o'er life's troubled sea.
 Though afflictions assail you, and storms beat severe,
 There's a light in the window for thee.
Chorus. A mansion in heaven we see, &c.

4.

Then on, perseveringly on, brother,
 Till from conflict and suffering free,
 Bright angels now beckon you over the stream,
 There's a light in the window for thee.
Chorus. A mansion in heaven we see, &c.

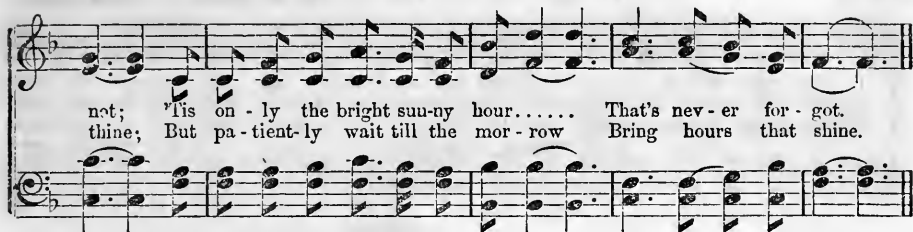
she heard my voice, and soon met me at the door, with a warm kiss, and warmer tears, and a 'God bless you, my dear boy.' As she received my bundle, she exclaimed, 'After this, my son, I'll set a light in the window for you;' and, true to her word, the bright light in the window appeared, and, oh! how it cheered my heart ever after, for years. Health failing me, I left home (after my brothers could help mother), and went to sea. When three years from home, and on the Pacific Ocean, my mother died; but just before she expired, she said to those around her, 'O give Edward my dying blessing, for he has been a good boy. Tell him I have gone to heaven, and I will set a light in the window for him.'"

1. On - ly the sun - beams re - flect - ed!... Beau - ti - ful thought!
 2. Canst thou not learn from the di - al,... Spir - it of mine,

Dark - ness and clouds are neg - lect - ed,... Mark - ing them not... Then
 In the dark sea - son of tri - al.... Not.. to re - pine?... Nor

vain - ly the storin-clouds may low - er,... Their shad - ows and gloom re - main
 pause thee to brood o - ver sor - row... If sad - ness and trou - ble be

* The Dial Plate.—“I mark only the hours.”



not; 'Tis on - ly the bright sun-ny hour..... That's nev - er for - got.
thine; But pa - tient - ly wait till the mor - row Bring hours that shine.

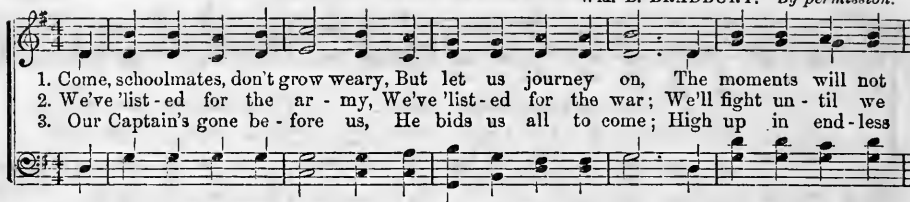
CHORUS.



On - ly the sun - beams re - flect - ed, Dark - ness and clouds are neg -

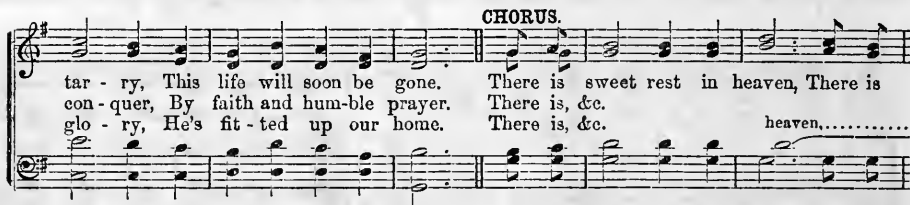


- lect - ed, Dark - ness and clouds are neg - lect - ed, Mark - ing them not...

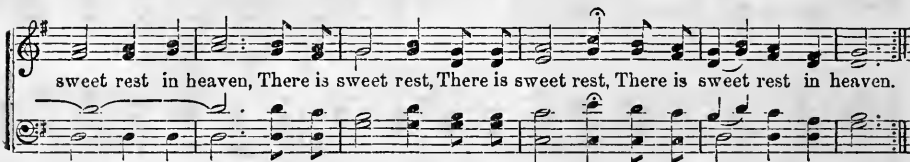
WM. B. BRADBURY. *By permission.*


1. Come, schoolmates, don't grow weary, But let us journey on, The moments will not
 2. We've 'list-ed for the ar - my, We've 'list-ed for the war; We'll fight un - til we
 3. Our Captain's gone be - fore us, He bids us all to come; High up in end-less

CHORUS.



tar - ry, This life will soon be gone. There is sweet rest in heaven, There is
 con - quer, By faith and hum - ble prayer. There is, &c.
 glo - ry, He's fit - ted up our home. There is, &c. heaven,.....



sweet rest in heaven, There is sweet rest, There is sweet rest, There is sweet rest in heaven.

4. And Jesus will be with us,
 E'en to our journey's end;
 In every sore affliction
 His "present help" to lend.—*Chorus.*

5. Then glory be to Jesus,
 Who bought us with his blood;
 And glory be to Jesus,
 Who gives us every good.—*Chorus.*

Bold.

1. Lord, when thou didst ascend on high,
 Ten thousand angels filled the sky;
 Those heavenly guards around thee wait,
 Like chariots that attend thy state.

2. Not Sinai's mountain could appear,
 More glorious, when the Lord was there
 While he pronounced his dreadful law,
 And struck the chosen tribes with awe.
3. How bright the triumph none can tell,
 When the rebellious powers of hell,
 That thousand souls had captive made,
 Were all in chains, like captives, led.
4. Raised by his Father to the throne,
 He sent the promised Spirit down,
 With gifts and grace for rebel-men,
 That God might dwell on earth again.

How are thy Servants blessed.

1. How are thy servants blessed, O Lord!
 How sure is their defence!
 Eternal wisdom is their guide,
 Their help, Omnipotence.
2. In foreign realms, and lands remote,
 Supported by thy care,
 Through burning climes they pass unhurt,
 And breathe in tainted air.
3. When, by the dreadful tempest borne,
 High on the broken wave,
 They know thou art not slow to hear,
 Nor impotent to save.
4. The storm is laid—the winds retire,
 Obedient to thy will;

The sea, that roars at thy command,
 At thy command is still.

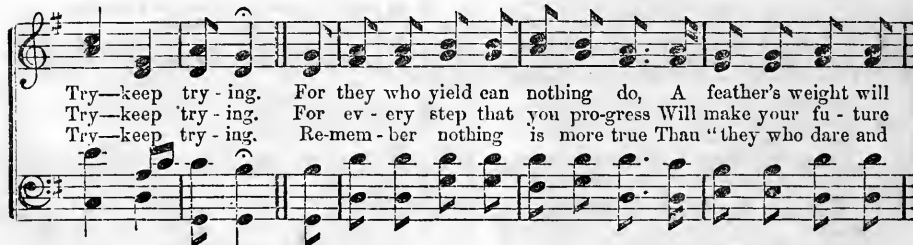
5. In midst of dangers, fears and deaths,
 Thy goodness we'll adore;
 We'll praise thee for thy mercies past,
 And humbly hope for more.

Jesus shall reign.


1. Jesus shall reign, where'er the sun
 Does his successive journeys run;
 His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
 Till moons shall wax and wane no more.
2. For him shall endless prayer be made,
 And endless praises crown his head;
 His name, like sweet perfume, shall rise
 With every morning sacrifice.
3. People and realms of every tongue
 Dwell on his love, with sweetest song;
 And infant voices shall proclaim
 Their early blessings on his name.
4. Blessings abound where'er he reigns;
 The pris'ner leaps to lose his chains;
 The weary find eternal rest,
 And all the sons of want are blest.
5. Let every creature rise, and bring
 Peculiar honors to our King;
 Angels descend with songs again,
 And earth repeat the loud Amen.



1. Have your ef-forts proved in vain? Try—keep try-ing; Do not sink to earth a-gain:
 2. Fal-ter not, but upward rise: Try—keep try-ing; Put forth all your en-er-gies:
 3. You will con-quer if you try: Try—keep try-ing; Win the good be-fore you die:



Try—keep try-ing. For they who yield can nothing do, A feather's weight will
 Try—keep try-ing. For ev-ery step that you pro-gress Will make your fu-ture
 Try—keep try-ing. Re-mem-ber nothing is more true Than "they who dare and



break them thro': Then on yourself and God re-ly-ing, Try—keep try-ing.
 so much less: Then on the truth and God re-ly-ing, Try—keep try-ing.
 will can do: Then on yourself and God re-ly-ing, Try—keep try-ing.

OUR HOME WITH JESUS. T. E. PERKINS. 37

SOLO.

CHORUS.

SOLO.

1. My heavenly home is bright and fair, We'll be gathered home, Nor death, nor sighing
 2. Its glittering towers the sun out-shine, We'll be gathered home, That heavenly mansion
 3. My father's house is built on high, We'll be gathered home, A - bove the arch'd and

CHORUS.

vis - it there, We'll be gathered home. We'll wait till Je - sus comes, We'll
 shall be mine,
 star - ry skies,

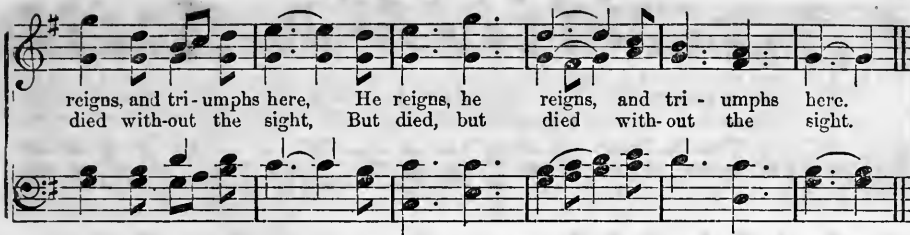
wait till Je - sus comes, We'll wait till Je - sus comes, And we'll be gathered home.

From "MASON'S SACRED HARP," by permission.

1. How beau-teous are their feet, Who stand on Zi-on's hill; Who bring sal-va-tion
2. How hap-py are our ears, That hear this joy-ful sound! Which kings and prophets

on their tongues, And words of peace re-veal! How charm-ing is their voice! How
wait-ed for, And sought but nev-er found. How bless-ed are our eyes, That

sweet the tid-ings are! Zi-on, be-hold thy Sav-iour King, He
see this heavenly light! Proph-ets and kings de-sired it long, But

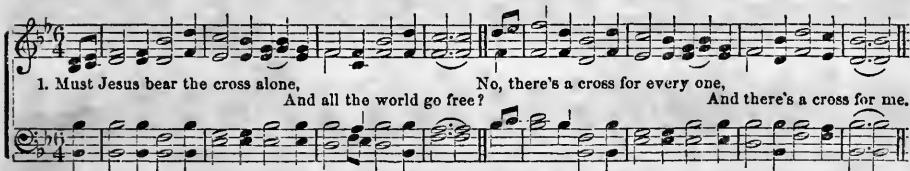


reigns, and tri-umphs here, He reigns, he reigns, and tri - umphs here.
 died with-out the sight, But died, but died with-out the sight.

3. The watchmen join their voice,
 And tuneful notes employ;
 Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,
 And deserts learn the joy.

The Lord makes bare his arm,
 Through all the earth abroad,
 Let every nation now behold
 Their Saviour and their God.

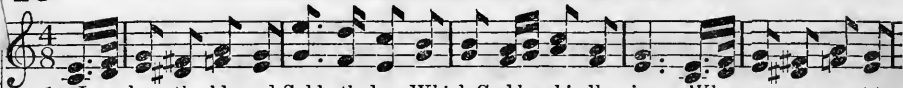
CROSS AND CROWN. C. M.



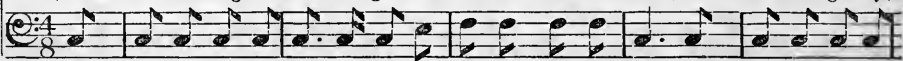
1. Must Jesus bear the cross alone, No, there's a cross for every one,
 And all the world go free? And there's a cross for me.

2. How happy are the saints above,
 Who once went sorrowing here;
 But now they taste unmingled love,
 And joy without a tear.

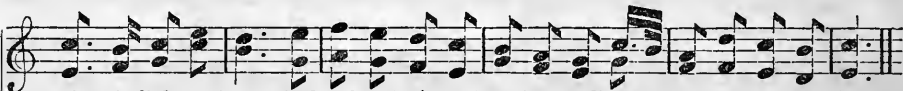
3. The consecrated cross I'll bear,
 Till death shall set me free,
 And then go home, my crown to wear—
 For there's a crown for me.



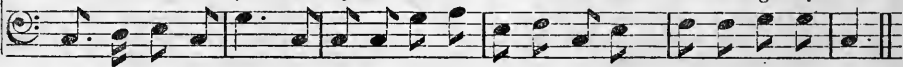
1. I love the blessed Sabbath day, Which God has kindly given ; When we may meet to
- . I love to hear that Je - sus died, And how he rose a - gain ; Ex - alt - ed at his
3. I love to sing on earth his grace To fallen, sin - ful man ; But, when in glo - ry,



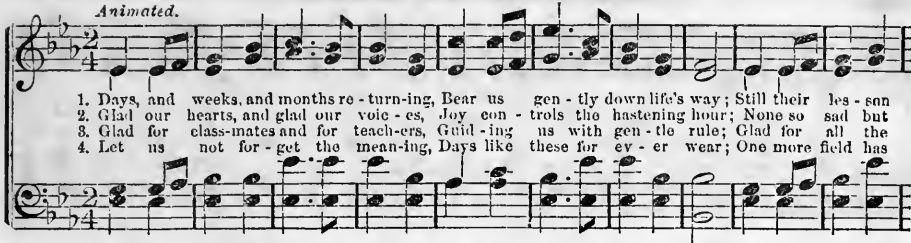
praise and pray, And learn the way to heaven : It leads our youthful thoughts to Him Who
 Father's side, A Saviour-prince to reign. To him the pure an - gel - ic throng Raise
 him I'll praise More than the angels can. Then will we sing in loud - er strain, Thro'



reigns in light a - bove ; And makes the joys of earth grow dim. While musing on his love.
 their ser - aph - ic strain ; And yet a child's thanksgiving song His list'ning ear may gain.
 all e - ter - ni - ty, Worthy the Lamb that once was slain, To him all glo - ry be.

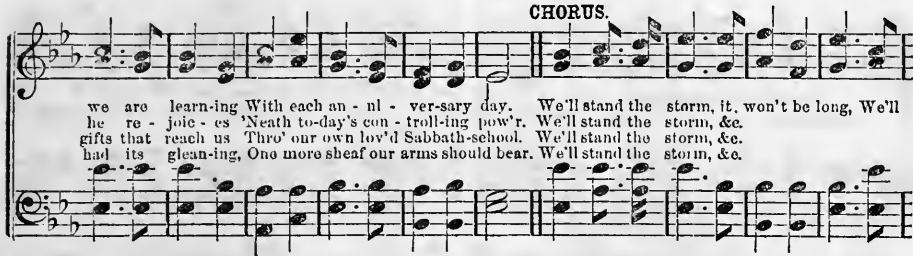


Animated.

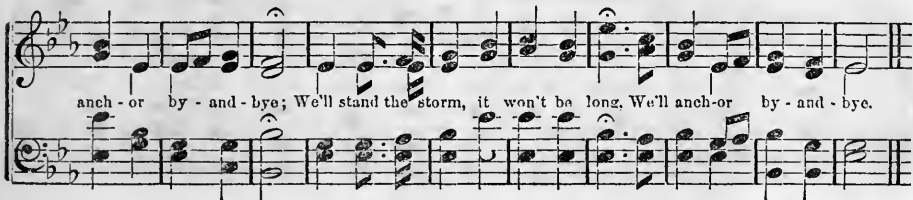


1. Days, and weeks, and months re - turn - ing, Bear us gen - tly down life's way; Still their les - son
 2. Glad our hearts, and glad our voice - es, Joy con - trols the hastening hour; None so sad but
 3. Glad for class-mates and for teach-ers, Guid - ing us with gen - tle rule; Glad for all the
 4. Let us not for - get the mean - ing, Days like these for ev - er wear; One more field has

CHORUS.



we are learn - ing With each an - n - ver - sary day. We'll stand the storm, it, won't be long, We'll
 be re - joice - es 'Neath to-day's con - troll - ing pow'r. We'll stand the storm, &c.
 gifts that reach us Thro' our own lov'd Sabbath-school. We'll stand the storm, &c.
 had its glean - ing, One more sheaf our arms should bear. We'll stand the storm, &c.



anch - or by - and - bye; We'll stand the storm, it won't be long, We'll anch - or by - and - bye.

1. A crown of glo - ry bright, By faith I see In

The first system of the musical score for 'Nearer My Home'. It consists of a treble and a bass staff, both in G major (one sharp) and 6/8 time. The melody is in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The lyrics '1. A crown of glo - ry bright, By faith I see In' are written below the treble staff.

Chorus.
yon - der realms of light Pre-pared for me. I'm near-er my home,

The second system of the musical score. It continues the melody and accompaniment from the first system. The lyrics 'yon - der realms of light Pre-pared for me. I'm near-er my home,' are written below the treble staff. The word 'Chorus.' is written above the treble staff.

near - er my home, near - er my home to - day; Yes!

The third system of the musical score. It continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics 'near - er my home, near - er my home to - day; Yes!' are written below the treble staff.

Repeat very softly.

The musical score is written on two staves. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The bottom staff is in bass clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The melody is in the treble staff, and the bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the staves, aligned with the notes. The final measure of the piece is marked with a double bar line and repeat dots.

near-er my home in heav'n to - day Than ev - er I was be - fore.

2 O may I faithful prove,
And keep the crown in view,
And thro' the storms of life
My way pursue.—*Chorus.*

3 Jesus be thou my guide,
• My steps attend,

O, keep me near thy side,
Be thou my friend.—*Chorus.*

4 Be thou my shield and sun,
My Saviour and my guard ;
And when my work is done,
My great reward.—*Chorus.*

I WANT TO BE AN ANGEL.

1 I want to be an angel,
And with the angels stand,
A crown upon my forehead,
A harp within my hand.
There, right before my Saviour,
So glorious and so bright,
I'd make the sweetest music,
And praise him day and night.

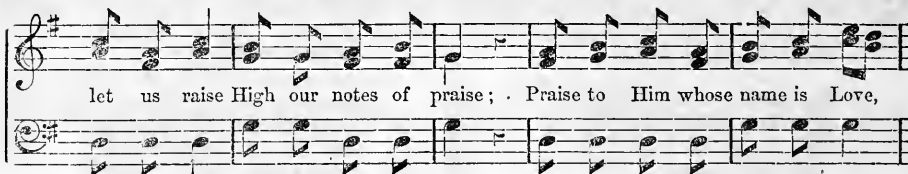
2 I never would be weary,
Nor ever shed a tear,
Nor ever know a sorrow ;
Nor ever feel a fear ;

But, blessed, pure, and holy,
I'd dwell in Jesus' sight,
And with ten thousand thousands,
Praise him both day and night.

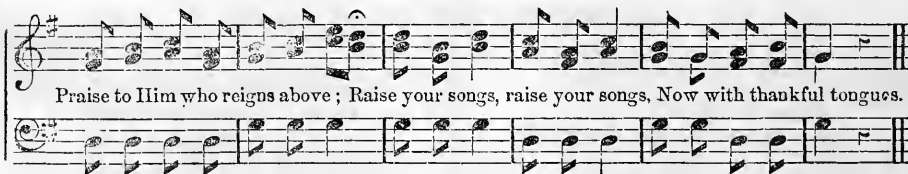
3 I know I'm weak and sinful,
But Jesus will forgive,
For many little children
Have gone to heaven to live ;
Dear Saviour, when I languish,
And lay me down to die,
O, send a shining angel,
And bear me to the skies.

Cheerful.


1. Sweet-ly sing, sweet-ly sing Praises to our heavenly King; Let us raise,



let us raise High our notes of praise; . Praise to Him whose name is Love,



Praise to Him who reigns above; Raise your songs, raise your songs, Now with thankful tongues.

2.

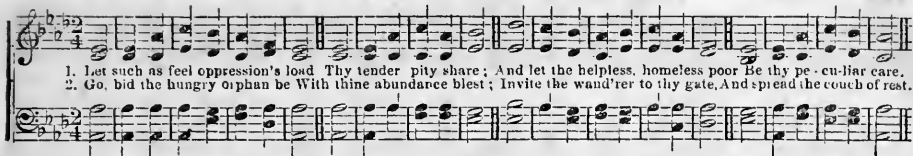
Angels bright, angels bright,
 Robed in garments pure and white,
 Chant his praise, chant his praise,
 In melodious lays;
 But from that bright, happy throng
 Ne'er can come this sweetest song—
 Redeeming love, redeeming love,
 Brought us here above.

3.

Far away, far away,
 We in sin's dark valley lay,
 Jesus came, Jesus came,
 Blessed be his name!
 He redeemed us by his grace,
 Then prepared in heaven a place
 To receive—to receive
 All who will believe.

4.

Now we know—now we know
 We from heaven must shortly go,
 Soon the call—soon the call
 Comes to one and all.
 Saviour! when *our* time shall co
 Take us to our heavenly home,
 There we'll raise notes of praise
 Through unending days.



1. Let such as feel oppression's load Thy tender pity share; And let the helpless, homeless poor Be thy pe-cu-liar care.
2. Go, bid the hungry orphan be With thine abundance blest; Invite the wand'rer to thy gate, And spread the couch of rest.

3. Then, bright as morning shall come forth
In peace and joy thy days;
And glory from the Lord above
Shall shine on all thy ways.

Lord, teach a sinful Child to Pray.

1. LORD, teach a sinful child to pray,
And then accept my prayer;
For thou canst hear the words I say,
For thou art every where.
2. Teach me to do the thing that's right,
And when I sin, forgive;
And may it be my chief delight
To serve thee while I live.
3. Whatever trouble I am in,
To thee for help I'll call;
But keep me, more than all, from sin,
For that's the worst of all.

A closer Walk with God.

1. Oh! for a closer walk with God,
A calm and heavenly frame,—
A light to shine upon the road,
That leads me to the Lamb!
2. Where is the blessedness I knew,
When first I saw the Lord?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus, and his word?

3. What peaceful hours I once enjoyed!
How sweet their mem'ry still!
But they have left an aching void,
The world can never fill.

4. Return, O holy Dove! return,
Sweet messenger of rest!
I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
And drove thee from my breast.

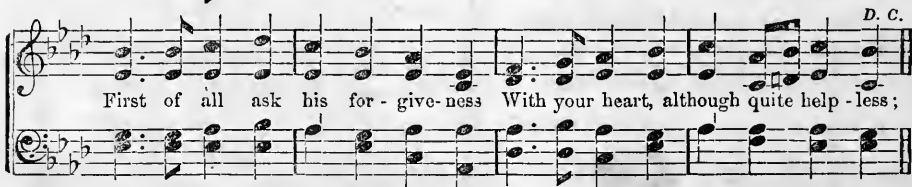
6. So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

Dear Saviour! when my Thoughts recall.

1. DEAR Saviour! when my thoughts recall
The wonders of thy grace,
Low at thy feet ashamed I fall,
And hide this wretched face.
2. Oh! while I breathe to thee, my Lord!
The penitential sigh,
Confirm the kind, forgiving word,
With pity in thine eye.
3. Then shall the mourner, at thy feet,
Rejoice to seek thy face:
And grateful own—how kind, how sweet,
Thy condescending grace.



1. { Lit - tle child, do you love Je - sus! Oh, how he loves! }
 Do you wish to go to hea - ven! Oh, how he loves! }
 d. c. Je - sus lit - tle chil dren bless - es, Oh, how he loves!



First of all ask his for - give - ness With your heart, although quite help - less; D. C.

2. He will listen to your prayer,
 Oh, how he loves!
 Feed you by his tender care,
 Oh, how he loves!
 He became a child just like you,
 Here he suffered to redeem you,
 And at last he died to save you,
 Oh, how he loves!
3. Jesus, dear Jesus, we will love thee,
 Yes, we will love!
 Trusting in thy grace to aid us,
 Oh, we will love!

And with thee to guide and bless us,
 Tread the heavenly way before us,
 Singing still, in joyful chorus,
 Oh, how he loves!

4. Then, in yon bright world of glory,
 Oh, there we'll sing!
 There we'll ever bow before thee,
 Oh, there we'll sing!
 And with happy spirits blending,
 Swell the song that has no ending,
 Ever loving, ever singing,
 Oh, how he loves!



1. { I'm but a stranger here, Heaven is my home; }
 { Earth is a des-ert drear, Heaven is my home. } Dan-ger and sor-row stand



Round me on ev-ery hand, Heaven is my fa-ther-land, Heaven is my home.

2. What though the tempest rage,
 Heaven is my home;
 Short is my pilgrimage,
 Heaven is my home.
 Time's cold and wintry blast,
 Soon will be over, past,
 I shall reach home at last,
 Heaven is my home.

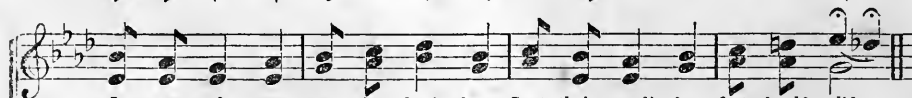
3. There, at my Saviour's side,
 Heaven is my home;
 I shall be glorified,
 Heaven is my home.
 There are the good and blest,
 Those I loved most and best,
 And there I, too, shall rest,
 Heaven is my home.



1. They are blest, and blest for ev - er, Who in child-hood's ear - ly day,
 2. Who the world's temp - ta - tions scorn - ing Keep in view the great re - ward,



Seek the care of him, who nev - er Turns the seek - ing soul a - way,
 d. s. He who ev - er fond - ly loves them, Con - de - scends to be their guide.
 And in youth's de - light - ful morn - ing Yield themselves un - to the Lord,
 d. s. Bliss an - ge - lic, glo - rious treas - ure, Their's to dwell where God is love.



Je - sus al - ways gen - tly leads them, Lest their wand' - ring feet should slide,
 Joys ser - a - phic with - out meas - ure Their's shall be in realms a - bove, D. S.



Saviour, breathe an Evening Blessing.

1. SAVIOUR! breathe an evening blessing,
Ere repose our spirits seal;
Sin and want we come confessing;
Thou canst save and thou canst heal.
Though destruction walk around us,
Though the arrows past us fly,
Angel-guards from thee surround us:
We are safe, if thou art nigh.
2. Though the night be dark and dreary,
Darkness cannot hide from thee;
Thou art he who, never weary,
Watcheth where thy people be.
Should swift death this night o'ertake us,
And our couch become our tomb,
May the morn in heaven awake us,
Clad in bright and deathless bloom.

Praise to God.

1. PRAISE we Him by whose kind favor,
Heavenly truth has reached our ears;
May its sweet reviving savor
Fill our hearts, dispel our fears.
Truth—how sacred is the treasure!
Teach us, Lord, its worth to know:
Vain the hope, and short the pleasure
Which from other sources flow.
2. Lord, the truth we have been hearing,
Now to every heart apply;
In the day of thine appearing,
May we share thy people's joy.
Till thou take us hence for ever,
Saviour, guide us with thine eye:
May it be our sole endeavor
Thine to live, and thine to die.

Spiritual Harvest.

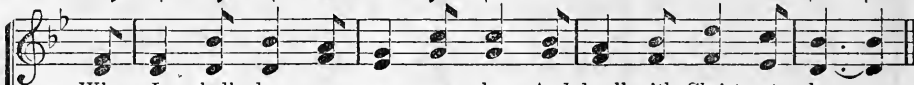
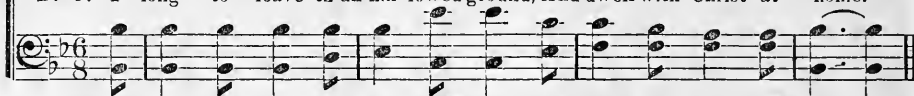
1. HE that goeth forth with weeping
Bearing still the precious seed;
Never tiring, never sleeping,
All his labor shall succeed.
Then will fall the rain of heaven,
Then the sun of mercy shine:
Precious fruits will then be given,
Through an influence all divine.
2. Sow thy seed, be never weary,
Nor let fears thy mind employ;
Be the prospect ne'er so dreary,
Thou may'st reap the fruits of joy.
Lo! the scene of verdure brightening,
See the rising grain appear;
Look again, the fields are whitening,
Sure the harvest time is near.

Come, Thou Fount.

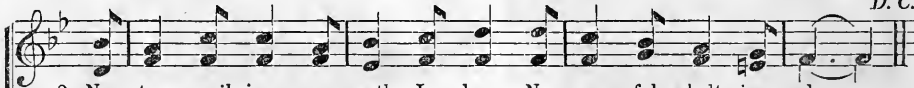
1. COME, thou Fount of every blessing!
Tune my heart to grateful lays;
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise.
Teach me some melodious measure,
Sung by raptured saints above;
Fill my soul with sacred pleasure,
While I sing redeeming love.
2. Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;
He to save my soul from danger,
Interposed his precious blood.
Prone to wander,—Lord! I feel it;
Prone to leave the God I love;
Here's my heart, oh, take and seal it,—
Seal it from thy courts above.

*Not too fast.**Fine.*

2. Sweet land of rest! for thee I sigh: When will the mo-ment come
 D. C. This world, a wil-der-ness of woe,—This world is not my home.
 3. To Je-sus Christ I sought for rest, He bade me cease to roam.
 D. C. I long to leave th'un-hal-low'd ground, And dwell with Christ at home.



When I shall lay my ar-mor by, And dwell with Christ at home.
 But fly for suc-cor to his breast, And he'd con-duct me home.

*D. C.*

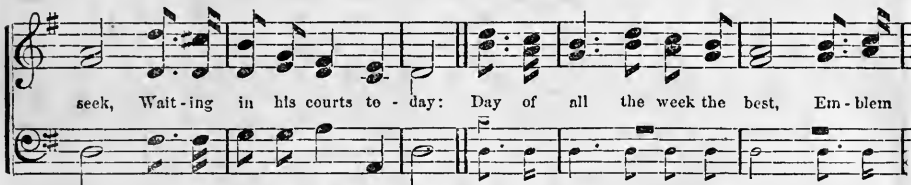
2. No tran-quil joys on earth I know, No peace-ful, sheltering dome;
 4. Wea-ry of wand'ring round and round This vale of sin and gloom,



Larghetto.



1. Safe - ly through an - oth - er week God has brought us on our way; Let us now a bless - ing



seek, Wait - ing in his courts to - day: Day of all the week the best, Em - blem

CHORUS.

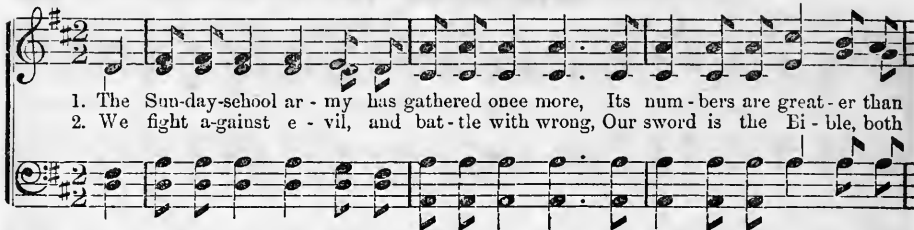


of e - ter - nal rest. Day of all the week the best, Em - blem of e - ter - nal rest.

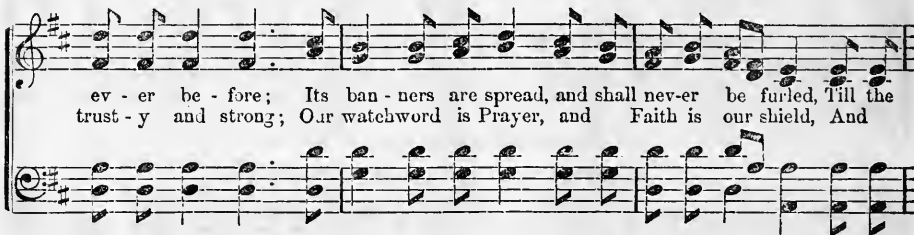
2.
While we seek supplies of grace,
Thro' the dear Redeemer's name,
Show thy reconciling face;
Take away our sin and shame:
From our worldly cares set free,
May we rest this day in thee.

3.
Here we come, thy name to praise,
Let us feel thy presence near;
May thy glory meet our eyes,
While we in thy house appear
Here afford us, Lord, a taste
Of our everlasting feast.

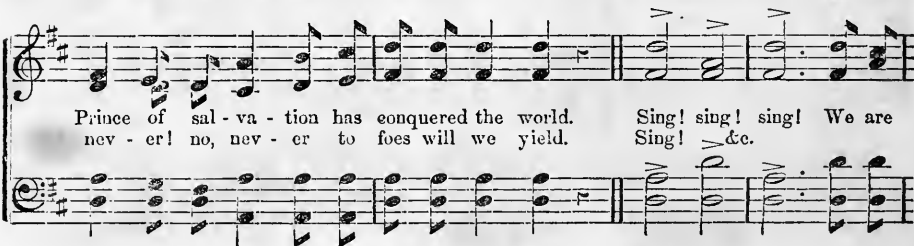
4.
May the Gospel's joyful sound
Conquer sinners, comfort saints;
Make the fruits of grace abound;
Bring relief for all complaints:
Thus let all our Sabbaths prove,
Till we join the Church above.



1. The Sun-day-school ar - my has gathered once more, Its num - bers are great - er than
 2. We fight a-against e - vil, and bat-tle with wrong, Our sword is the Bi - ble, both



ev - er be - fore; Its ban - ners are spread, and shall nev - er be furled, Till the
 trust - y and strong; Our watchword is Prayer, and Faith is our shield, And



Prince of sal - va - tion has conquered the world. Sing! sing! sing! We are
 nev - er! no, nev - er to foes will we yield. Sing! &c.



3.

In the midst of our conflicts we'll think of the Lord,
Who died on the cross, and from death was restor'd,
To save us from sin, and to give us a place
With the angels who always behold his bright face.

4.

To Jesus, our Captain, hosannas we raise,
And join with our teachers in singing his praise;
His soldiers we are, and his soldiers will be,
Till we lay down our armor, and death sets us free.

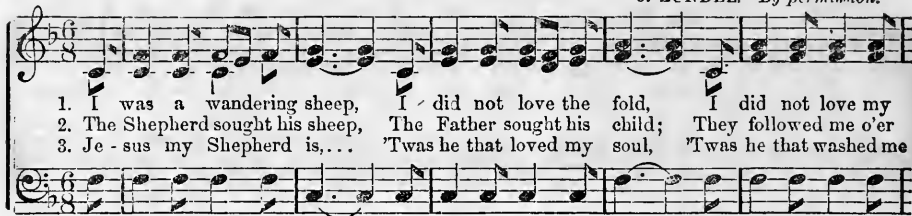
I WANT TO BE AN ANGEL.

1. I WANT to be an angel,
And with the angels stand,
A crown upon my forehead,
A harp within my hand:
There, right before my Saviour,
So glorious and so bright,
I'll make the sweetest music,
And praise him day and night.

2. I never would be weary,
Nor ever shed a tear,
Nor ever know a sorrow,
Nor ever feel a fear;

But blessed, pure, and holy,
I'd dwell in Jesus' sight,
And with ten thousand thousands
Praise him both day and night.

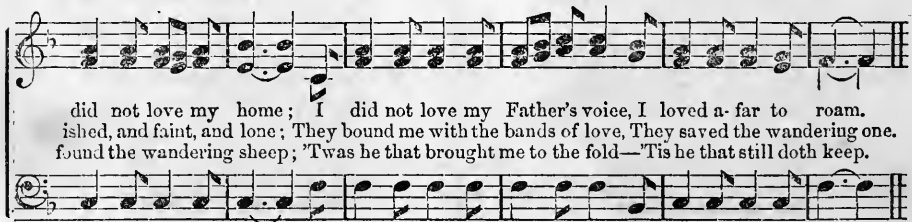
3. I know I'm weak and sinful,
But Jesus will forgive;
For many little children
Have gone to heaven to live;
Dear Saviour, when I languish,
And lay me down to die,
Oh, send a shining angel,
And bear me to the skies.

J. ZUNDEL. *By permission.*


1. I was a wandering sheep, I did not love the fold, I did not love my
 2. The Shepherd sought his sheep, The Father sought his child; They followed me o'er
 3. Je - sus my Shepherd is, ... 'Twas he that loved my soul, 'Twas he that washed me



Shepherd's voice, I would not be con - trolled. I was a way-ward child, I
 vale and hill, O'er des - erts waste and wild; They found me nigh to death, Fam-
 in his blood, 'Twas he that made me whole; 'Twas he that sought the lost, That



did not love my home; I did not love my Father's voice, I loved a - far to roam.
 ished, and faint, and lone; They bound me with the bands of love, They saved the wandering one.
 found the wandering sheep; 'Twas he that brought me to the fold—'Tis he that still doth keep.

I want a Heart to Pray.

1. I WANT a heart to pray—
To pray and never cease;
Never to murmur at thy stay,
Or wish my sufferings less.
This blessing, above all—
Always to pray—I want;
Out of the deep on thee to call,
And never, never faint.
2. I want a true regard,
A single, steady aim—
Unmoved by threatening or reward,
To thee and thy great name;
A jealous, just concern
For thine immortal praise,
A pure desire that all may learn
And glorify thy grace.
3. I rest upon thy word,
The promise is for me;
My succor and salvation, Lord,
Shall surely come from thee;
But let me still abide,
Nor from my hope remove,
Till thou my patient spirit guide
Into thy perfect love.

Sweet is the Time of Spring.

1. SWEET is the time of Spring,
When nature's charms appear;
The birds with ceaseless pleasure sing,
And hail the opening year:
But sweeter far, the spring
Of wisdom and of grace,
When children bless and praise their king,
Who loves the youthful race.

2. Sweet is the dawn of day,
When light just streaks the sky;
When shades and darkness pass away,
And morning's beams are nigh;
But sweeter far, the dawn
Of piety in youth;
When doubt and darkness are withdrawn,
Before the light of truth.
3. Sweet is the early dew,
Which gilds the mountain tops,
And decks each plant and flower we view,
With pearly glittering drops.
But sweeter far the scene
On Zion's holy hill,
When there the dew of youth is seen,
Its freshness to distill.

A Charge to keep I have.

1. A CHARGE to keep I have;
A God to glorify;
A never-dying soul to save,
And fit it for the sky;
To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfill;
Oh, may it all my powers engage,
To do my Master's will.
2. Arm me with zealous care,
As in thy sight to live;
And, oh! thy servant, Lord, prepare
A strict account to give.
Help me to watch and pray,
And on thyself rely;
Assured if I my trust betray,
I shall forever die.

Words by WM. OLAND BOURNE.

Music by E. MOORE.

1. Watching on Ju - de - a's plain, Shepherdsspent their dewy night, When there came a

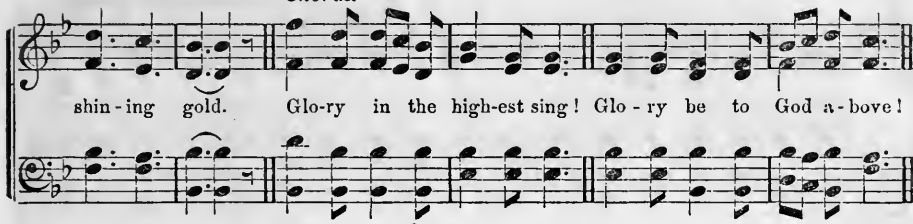
The first system of musical notation for the hymn. It consists of a treble and a bass staff, both in G major (one sharp) and 6/8 time. The melody is written in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The lyrics are written below the staves.

heavenly train, In their robes of spot - less white ; Joy - ful news they brought to earth,

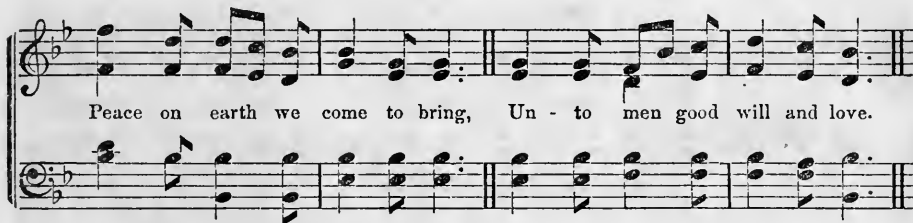
The second system of musical notation. It continues the melody and accompaniment from the first system. The lyrics are written below the staves.

Long by prophet tongues foretold, Ti-dings of our Saviour's birth, Tuned with harps of

The third system of musical notation. It continues the melody and accompaniment from the second system. The lyrics are written below the staves.

Chorus.


shin-ing gold. Glo-ry in the high-est sing! Glo-ry be to God a-bove!



Peace on earth we come to bring, Un-to men good will and love.

2. Let us raise an anthem now,
 To the name of Christ our King,
 And with joy and gladness bow,
 While our youthful praise we sing,
 Jesus is the children's Friend;
 He will hear their earnest prayer;
 He will lead them to the end
 And will keep them in his care.
Cho.—Glory in the, &c.

3. Let the joyful tidings fly
 All the spacious earth around,
 Till all lands beneath the sky
 Hear and love the holy sound—
 Till the Saviour's name is known,
 Friend, Redeemer, Prince of Peace,
 And in rapture to his throne
 Praise shall evermore increase.
Cho.—Glory in the, &c.

Words & Music by GEO. STOWE.



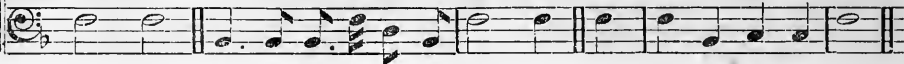
1. In that world of glo - ry bright, Where the Saviour is the light, All is joy, and there's no night,
2. There the Saviour we shall see, And our voices then will be Tun'd to heav-en's min-strel-sy,
3. O, how sweet to think of heav'n, Hap-py home to chil-dren giv'n; Here, 'by sin and sorrow driv'n,"
4. Father, guide our steps a - right, May it be our great de-light To live ho-ly in thy sight,

*Chorus.*

Nor sin, nor sor-row there, In our hap-py home in heav-en, Where the gold-en harps are
And sing re-deem-ing love,
There, all is per-fect rest,
That we may dwell with thee,



ring - ing, An - gels beau - ti - ful are sing - ing, And all is love and praise.



1. My rest is in heav-en, my rest is not here, Then why should I murmur when

tri - als are near? Be hushed, my dark spir - it, the worst that can come, But

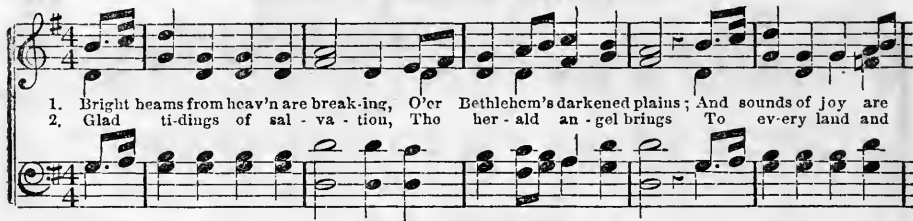
shortens my journey and hast-ens me home

2.

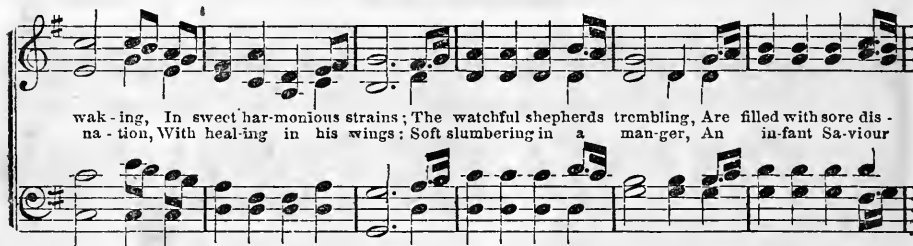
The thorn and the thistle around me may grow,
I would not lie down upon roses below ;
I ask for no portion, seek not to be blest,
Till I find in my Saviour my joy and my rest.

3

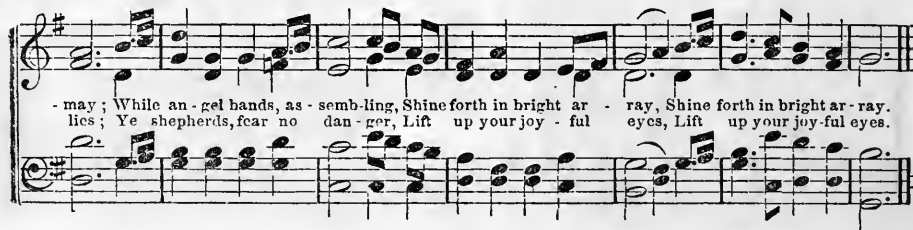
Afflictions may grieve me, but cannot destroy,
One glimpse of his love turns them all into joy :
And bitterest tears, if he smile but on them,
Like dew in the sunshine grow diamond and gem.



1. Bright beams from heav'n are break-ing, O'er Bethle-hem's dark-ened plains; And sounds of joy are
 2. Glad ti-dings of sal - va - tion, Tho her - ald an - gel brings To ev-ery land and



wak-ing, In sweet har-mo-nious strains; The watchful shep-herds trem-bling, Are filled with sore dis -
 na - tion, With heal-ing in his wings; Soft slum-bering in a man-ger, An in-fant Sa-viour



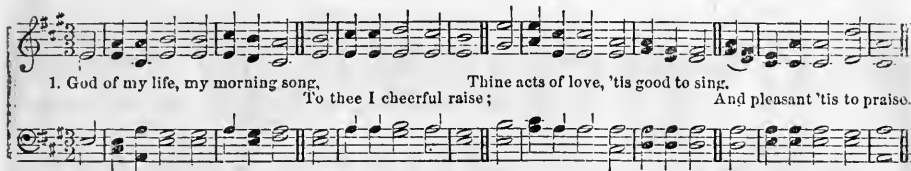
- may; While an - gel hands, as - sem-b-ling, Shine forth in bright ar - ray, Shine forth in bright ar-ray.
 lies; Ye shep-herds, fear no dan-ger, Lift up your joy - ful eyes, Lift up your joy-ful eyes.

3. They listen to the story
Of the Redeemer's birth,
When shouts of "highest glory"
Descend upon the earth:
Good will to man is given,
The penitent may live,
And be at peace with heaven,
For God can now forgive.

4. Glory to God for ever—
To God who reigns on high
Whose hand can now deliver
The souls condemned to die!
Oh, bear the tidings blissful
To every distant land,
The world will be successful—
Who can its power withstand!

AZMON. C. M.

GLASER.

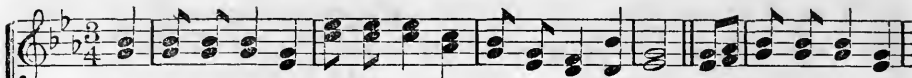


1. God of my life, my morning song,
Thine acts of love, 'tis good to sing.
To thee I cheerful raise;
And pleasant 'tis to praise.



The One Petition.

2. Preserved by thy Almighty arm,
I passed the shades of night,
Serene, and safe from every harm,
To see the morning light.
3. While numbers spend their night in sighs,
And restless pains and woes,
In gentle sleep I close my eyes,
And wake from sweet repose.
4. Oh, let the same Almighty care
Through all this day attend;
From every danger, every snare,
My heedless steps defend.

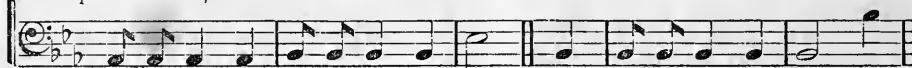
1. FATHER, whate'er of earthly bliss
Thy sovereign will denies,
Accepted at thy throne of grace,
Let this petition rise:
2. Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
From every murmur free;
The blessings of thy grace impart
And make me live to thee.
3. Let the sweet hope that I am thine,
My life and death attend;
Thy presence through my journey shine
And crown my journey's end.



1. I love to sing of that great power, That made the earth and sea ; But better still I
 2. I love to sing of God, of heaven, And all its pur - i - ty, God is my Father,
 3. And when I reach that happy place, From all temptation free, I'll tune my ev - er-


Chorus for each verse.


love the song Of "Je - sus died for me."
 Heaven my home, For "Je - sus died for me." He died for you and me, From
 rapturous notes, With "Je - sus died for me."

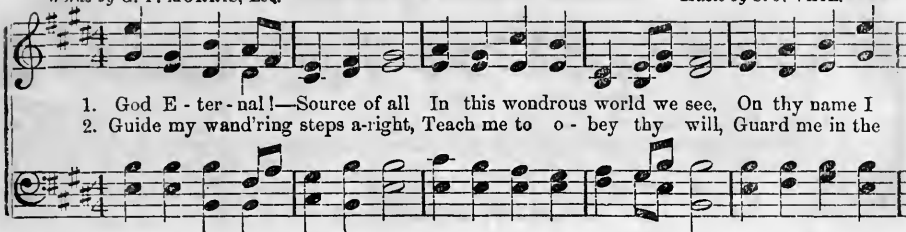



sin and death to free : I love to sing the glo - rious song Of "Je - sus died for me."

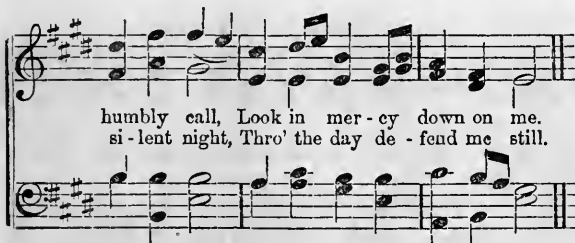


Words by G. P. MORRIS, Esq.

Music by S. J. VAIL.



1. God E - ter - nal!—Source of all In this wondrous world we see, On thy name I
 2. Guide my wand'ring steps a-right, Teach me to o - bey thy will, Guard me in the



humbly call, Look in mer - cy down on me.
 si - lent night, Thro' the day de - fend me still.

3. When the storm of life is past,
 And the calm of death is come,
 Oh, be with me to the last,
 Take my trusting spirit home.
 4. Lead me to thy courts above,
 Thronged by a celestial host,
 Glorious Trinity of Love,
 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

JESUS, SHEPHERD.

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>1. Jesus, Shepherd of the sheep,
 Powerful is thine arm to keep
 All thy flocks with safest care,
 Fed in pastures large and fair.</p> <p>2. Thee their Guide and Guard their own,
 Thee they love and thee alone
 Thee they follow day by day,
 Fearful lest their feet should stray.</p> | <p>3. Lord, thy helpless lambs behold,
 Gather all unto thy fold;
 Gently lead the wanderers home;
 Watch them, lest again they roam.</p> <p>4. Bring thy lambs, now far astray
 Lost in Satan's evil way;
 Then the fold and Shepherd one,
 We shall praise thee round thy throne.</p> |
|---|---|

1. Near-er, my God, to thee, Nearer to thee; Ev'n tho' it be a cross That raiseth
 2. Tho', like a wan-der-er, Day-light all gone, Darkness be o-ver me, My rest a
 3. There let the way appear, Steps up to heaven; All that thou sendest me In mercy

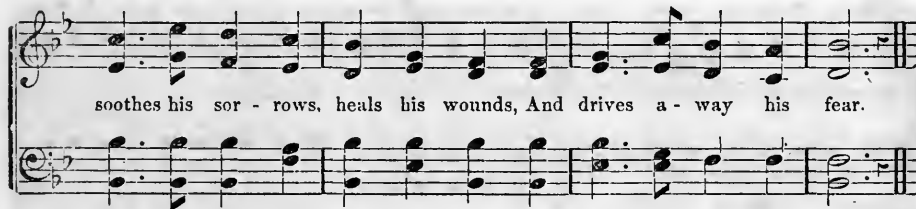
me, Still all my song shall be, Near-er, my God, to thee, Near-er to thee.
 stone: Yet in my dreams, I'd be Near-er, my God, to thee, Near-er to thee.
 given; An-gels to beek-on me, Near-er, my God, to thee, Near-er to thee.

4.
 Then with my waking thoughts,
 Bright with thy praise,
 Out of the stony griefs,
 Bethel I'll raise;
 So by my woes to be
 Nearer, my God, to thee.
 Nearer to thee.

5.
 Or if on joyful wing
 Cleaving the sky,
 Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
 Upward I fly,
 Still all my song shall be
 Nearer, my God, to thee,
 Nearer to thee.



1. How sweet the name of Je - sus sounds, In a be - liev - ers ear ; It



soothes his sor - rows, heals his wounds, And drives a - way his fear.

2.
It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast ;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And for the weary rest.

3.
By thee my prayers acceptance gain,
Although with sin defiled ;

Satan accuses me in vain,
And I am owned a child.

4.
Jesus, my Shepherd, Guardian, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest and King ;
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End.
Accept the praise I bring.

1. { There is far a - way in the heavens A qui-et and beauti - ful rest,
By Je-sus, our Saviour, 'twas given, [Omit] } Who

cheereth the sad and distressed ; Tho' the bosom may throb with deep anguish, And the heart 'neath
[its burden nigh]

break, Tho' in pain and af - fliction we languish, He from us our burdens shall take.

Chorus.

Then hasten your footsteps, ye wea - ry, And fly to the bos - om of love, Now

banish your sadness, ye dreary, There's rest, there's rest, There's rest, joy, and gladness a - bove.

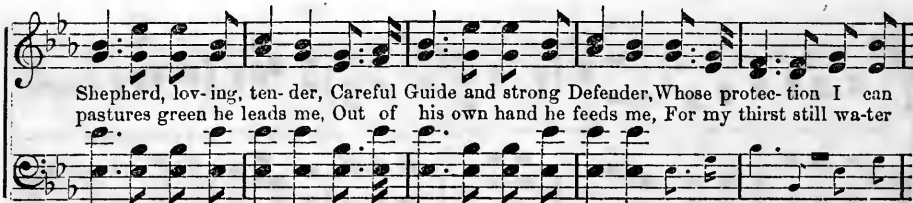
There's rest,

2 O, there in our Father's dominions,
 We shall roam with the good and the blest ;
 And wafted on angelic pinions,
 In the bosom of Jesus shall rest ;
 With the stars of the morning our singing
 Through eternal years shall ascend,
 And heaven's glad notes shall be ringing,
 With praises to Jesus our Friend.

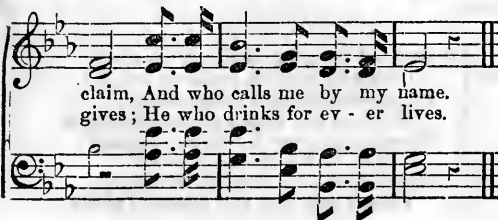
3 And not for a day shall our blessings
 Crown us with all gladness and joy,
 For millions of ages progressing
 Shall not our bright prospects destroy ;
 Then hasten your footsteps, ye weary,
 And fly to the bosom of love ;
 Now banish your sadness, ye dreary,
 There's rest, joy, and gladness above.



1. One of Je - sus' lambs am I, Near his side to keep I'll try; Near my
2. Oft - en in the cooling shade, I am glad - ly by him staid; Then in



Shepherd, lov - ing, ten - der, Careful Guide and strong Defender, Whose protec - tion I can
pastures green he leads me, Out of his own hand he feeds me, For my thirst still wa - ter



claim, And who calls me by my name.
gives; He who drinks for ev - er lives.

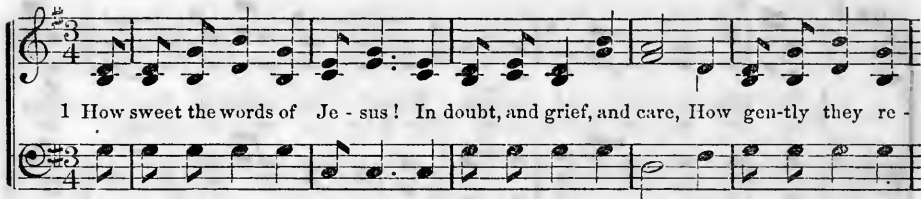
3.
Should I not then happy be,
Since he takes such care of me?
And, when these bright days are ended,
By good angels then attended,
In his arms he'll take me home,
Never forth again to roam.

1. O, sing to me of heaven, When I am called to die, Sing
D. C. be no sor - row there, There'll be no sor - row there, In

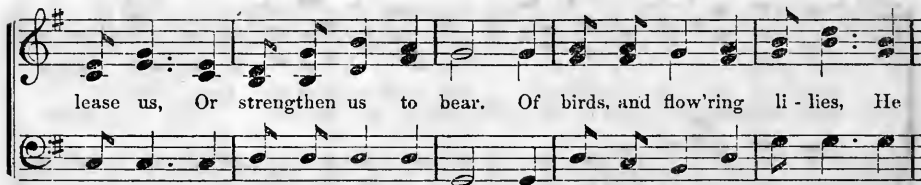
songs of ho - ly ec - sta - cy, To waft my soul on high. There'll
heaven a - bove, where all is love, There'll be no sor - row there.

- 2 When cold and sluggish drops
Roll off my marble brow ;
Break forth in songs of joyfulness,
Let heaven begin below.—*Chorus.*
- 3 When the last moment comes,
O, watch my dying face
To catch the bright seraphic gleam,
Which o'er my features plays.—*Chorus.*
- 4 Then to my raptured soul,
Let one sweet song be given,

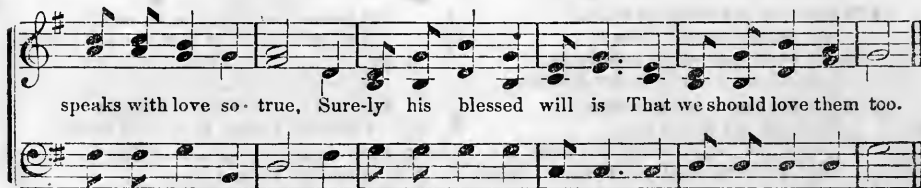
- Let music cheer me last on earth,
And greet me first in heaven.—*Chorus.*
- 5 Then close my sightless eyes,
And lay me down to rest,
And fold my pale and icy hands
Upon my lifeless breast.—*Chorus.*
- 6 Then, round my senseless clay,
Assemble those I love,
And sing of heaven, delightful heaven,
My glorious home above.—*Chorus.*



1 How sweet the words of Je - sus ! In doubt, and grief, and care, How gen - tly they re -



lease us, Or strengthen us to bear. Of birds, and flow'ring li - lies, He



speaks with love so - true, Sure - ly his blessed will is That we should love them too.

Chorus.

2 "Behold the birds"—said Jesus,
 They neither sow nor reap,
 Yet God, your Father, pleases
 For them full stores to keep;
 With liberal hand he feedeth
 Their young ones when they call,
 Their flight, their rest he heedeth,
 And noticeth their fall.
 O sweet bright flowers!
 O joyous birds!
 We love you more
 For his sweet words.

3 The lilies, frail and tender,
 They neither toil nor spin,
 Yet kings in all their splendor,
 Can no such glory win.
 It is your Heavenly Father
 Who clothes the lilies too,
 Then will he not much rather
 Clothe and provide for you?
 O sweet bright flowers!
 O joyous birds!
 We love Him more
 For your sweet words.

Moderato.

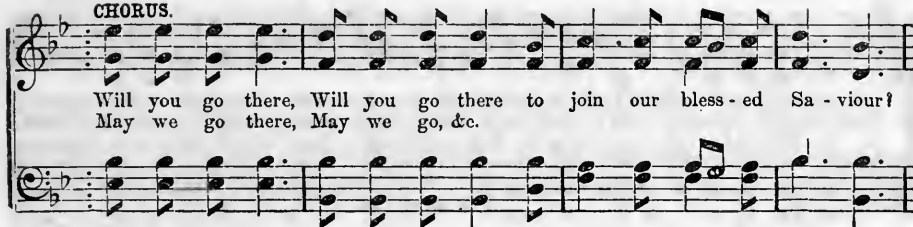
T. J. COOK.

1. There's a coun - try, dear chil - dren, of end - less de - light, Un-
 2. And.... may lit - tle chil - dren u - nite with that throng? Shall

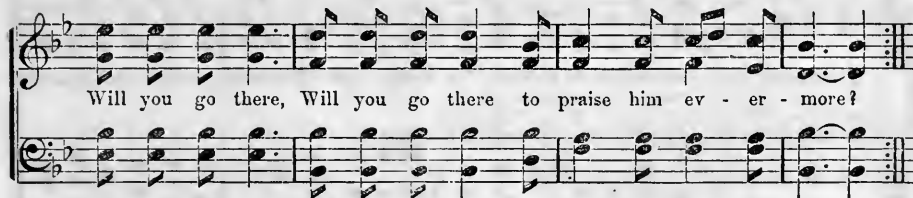
clouded by sor-row, ne'er shad-ed in night, Where the spir-its in glo - ry u-
 they to the choir ce - les - tial be - long? Oh,... say, may our voi - ces with

- nite in the psalm, As - crib - ing all hon - or to God and the Lamb.
 ser - a - phim chime, And join the re-deemed in that mu - sic sub - lime?

CHORUS.



Will you go there, Will you go there to join our bless - ed Sa - viour?
May we go there, May we go, &c.



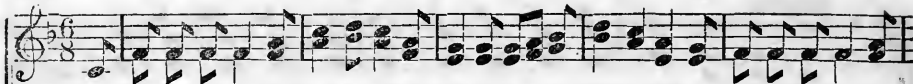
Will you go there, Will you go there to praise him ev - er - more?

3.

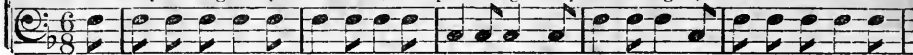
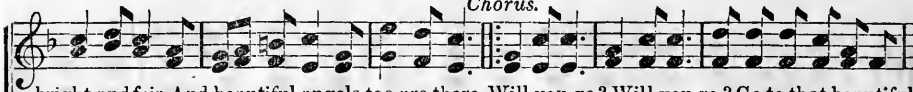
Yes, come with your young hearts to Jesus, and
pray
That early he'll help you to find the good way:
Oh, he'll meet you, dear ones, with his own smile
of love,
And appoint you a place in the mansions above.
You may come there, &c.

4.

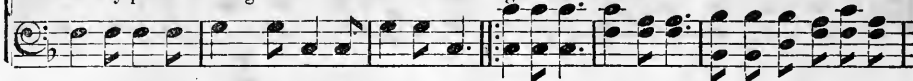
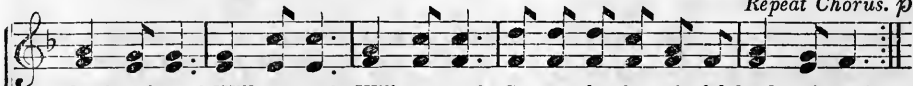
O heaven! with joy from this world of distress,
Where sin is a burden, and trials oppress—
From the wilderness drear, where uncertain we
roam,
We look to that land where the soul has a
home.
We will go there, &c.



1. A beautiful land by faith I see, A land of rest, from sorrow free, The home of the ransomed,
2. That beautiful land, the City of Light. It ne'er has known the shades of night; The glory of God, the
3. In visions I see its streets of gold, Its beautiful gates I too behold, The river of life, the
4. The heavenly throng arrayed in white, In rapture rage the plains of light; And in one harmonious

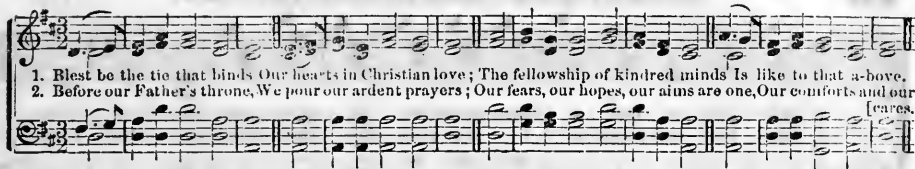
*Chorus.*

bright and fair, And beautiful angels, too, are there. Will you go? Will you go? Go to that beautiful
light of day Hath driven the darkness far away.
crystal sea, The ambrosial fruit of life's fair tree.
choir they praise Their glorious Saviour's matchless grace.

*Repeat Chorus. p*

land with me? Will you go? Will you go? Go to that beautiful land with me?





1. Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Christian love; The fellowship of kindred minds Is like to that above.
 2. Before our Father's throne, We pour our ardent prayers; Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one, Our comforts and our ^{care.}

3. We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often, for each other, flows
The sympathizing tear.
4. When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain;
But we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again.
5. This glorious hope revives
Our courage, by the way;
While each, in expectation, lives,
And longs to see the day.
6. From sorrow, toil, and pain,
And sin, we shall be free;
And perfect love and friendship reign,
Through all eternity.

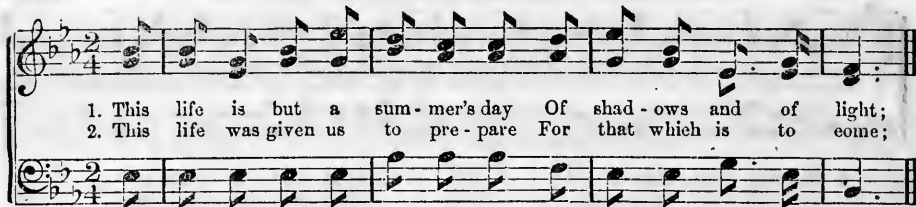
Invitation of Jesus.

1. Jesus, who knows full well
The heart of every saint;
Invites us all our griefs to tell,
To pray, and never faint
2. He bows his gracious ear—
We never plead in vain—
Then let us wait till he appear,
And pray, and pray again.

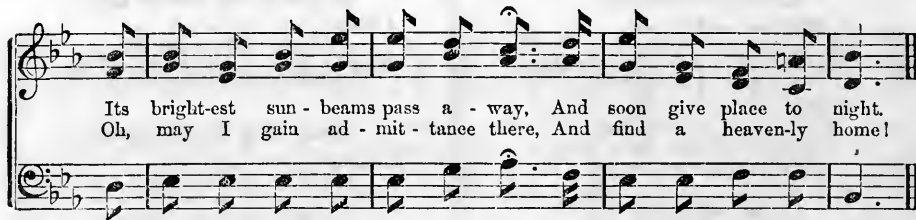
3. Jesus, the Lord, will hear
His chosen when they cry;
Yes, though he may a while forbear,
He'll help them from on high.
4. Then let us earnest cry,
And never faint in prayer;
He sees, he hears, and, from on high,
Will make our cause his care.

Come, Holy Spirit, come!

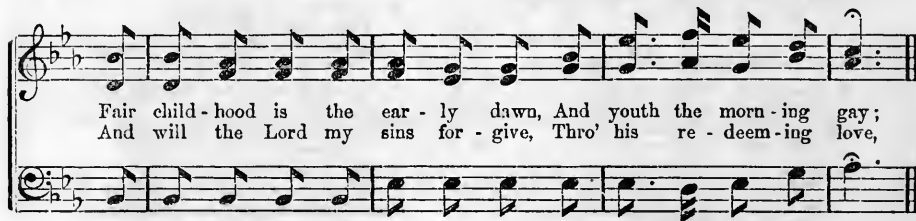
1. Come, holy Spirit, come,
Let thy bright beams arise;
Dispel the sorrow from our minds
The darkness from our eyes.
2. Convince us of our sin,
Then lead to Jesus' blood;
And to our wondering view reveal
The secret love of God.
3. 'Tis thine to cleanse the heart,
To sanctify the soul,
To pour fresh life in every part,
And new create the whole.
4. Revive our drooping faith;
Our doubts and fears remove.
And kindle in our breast the flame
Of never-dying love.



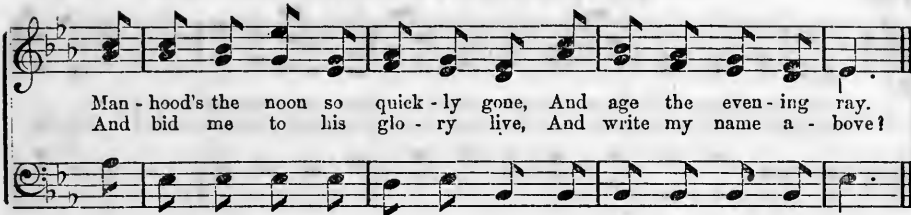
1. This life is but a sum-mer's day Of shad-ows and of light;
2. This life was given us to pre-pare For that which is to come;



Its bright-est sun-beams pass a-way, And soon give place to night.
Oh, may I gain ad-mit-tance there, And find a heaven-ly home!



Fair child-hood is the ear-ly dawn, And youth the morn-ing gay;
And will the Lord my sins for-give, Thro' his re-deem-ing love,

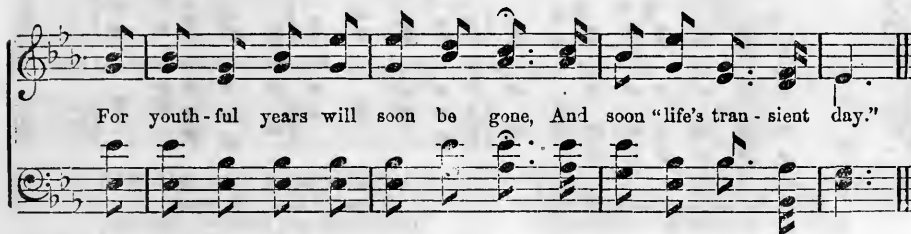


Man - hood's the noon so quick - ly gone, And age the even - ing ray.
And bid me to his glo - ry live, And write my name a - bove!

CHORUS.



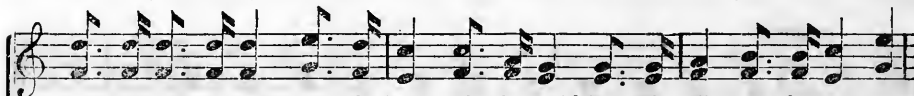
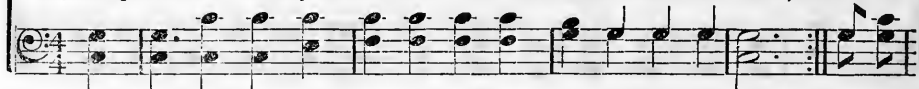
Then come in child-hood's ear - ly dawn, Or in youth's morning gay;



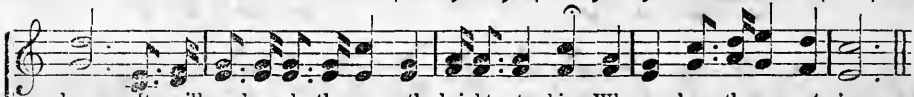
For youth - ful years will soon be gone, And soon "life's tran - sient day."



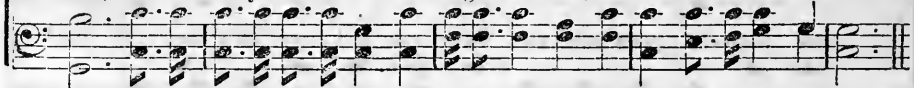
1. { Ye val-iant sol - diers of the cross, Ye hap - py, pray-ing baud; }
 { Though in this world you suf - fer loss, You'll reach fair Canaan's land; } Let us



nev - er mind the scoffs nor the frowns of the world, For we've all got the cross to



bear; It will on-ly make the crown the brighter to shine, When we have the crown to wear.

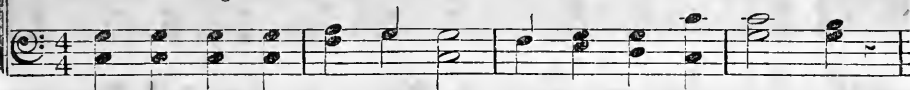


2. All earthly pleasures we'll forsake,
 When heaven appears in view,
 In Jesus' strength we'll undertake
 To fight our passage through. Let us, &c.

3. O what a glorious shout there'll be,
 When we arrive at home,
 Our friends and Jesus we shall see,
 And God shall say, "Well done." Let us, &c.



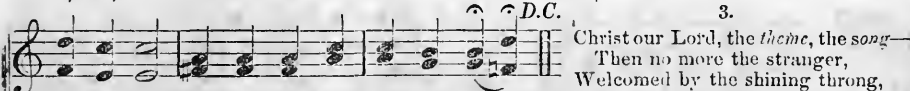
1. Hap - py an - gels! still ye dwell In yon worlds of glo - ry;
 D. C. Still your song is just the same— Glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry! &c.
 2. An - gels, sing a - gain with man— Swell our strain of glo - ry;
 D. C. Then in song and voice we'll hail, &c.



Fine.



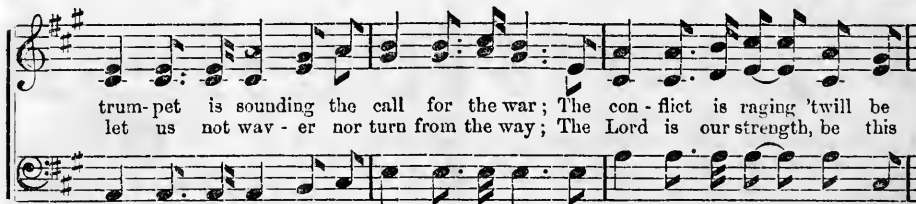
And in joy - ous an - them swell Love's re - deem - ing sto - ry. Shin - ing mul - ti -
 Shout with us the wondrous plan, Love's re - deem - ing sto - ry. Soon our stay on



- tudes! ye came Our Re - deem - er to pro - claim; Christ our Lord, the *theme*, the song—
 earth shall fail, Soon shall drop the mor - tal vail, Then no more the stranger,
 Welcomed by the shining throng,
 In lone Bethlehem's manger—
 Robed in peerless majesty,
 Soon our eyes shall also see;
 Then we'll sing, "Tis He, 'tis He!
 Glory, glory, glory!"

Marching Movement.


1. The chil - dren are gath - 'ring from near and from far, The
2. The foe is be - fore us in bat tle ar - ray, But

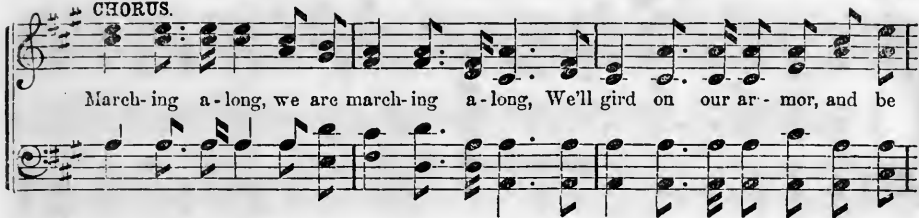


trum - pet is sounding the call for the war; The con - flict is raging 'twill be
let us not wav - er nor turn from the way; The Lord is our strength, be this



fear - ful and long, We'll gird on our ar - mor, and ' be march - ing a - long.
ev - er our song, With cour - age and faith we are march - ing a - long.

CHORUS.



March-ing a-long, we are march-ing a-long, We'll gird on our ar-mor, and be



march-ing a-long; The con-flict is rag-ing, 'twill be fear-ful and long, Then



gird on the ar-mor, and be marching a-long.

3.
We've 'listed for life, and will camp on the field,
With Christ as our Captain we never will yield;
The "sword of the Spirit," both trusty and strong,
We'll hold in our hands as we're marching along.

Chorus.—Marching along, &c.

4.
Thro' conflicts and trials our crowns we must win,
For here we contend 'gainst temptation and sin;
But one thing assures us, we can not go wrong,
If trusting our Saviour, while we're marching along.

Chorus.—Marching along, &c.

1. Lit - tle trav - lers Zi - on - ward, Each one entering in - to rest— In the king - dom
2. Who are they whose lit - tle feet, Pacing life's dark journey through, Now have reach'd that

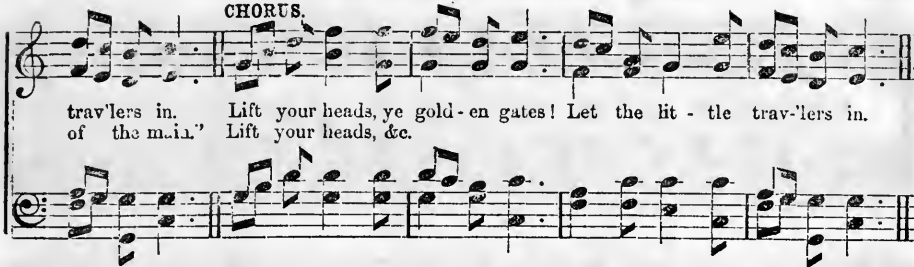
of your Lord, In the mansions of the blest; There to wel - come, Je - sus waits,
heavenly seat They had ev - er kept in view? "I from Greenland's froz - en laud;"

Gives the crowns his followers win. Lift your heads, ye gold - en gates! Let the lit - tle
"I from In - dia's sul - try plain;" "I from A - frie's bar - ren sand;" "I from is - lands

LITTLE TRAVELERS. Concluded.

83

CHORUS.



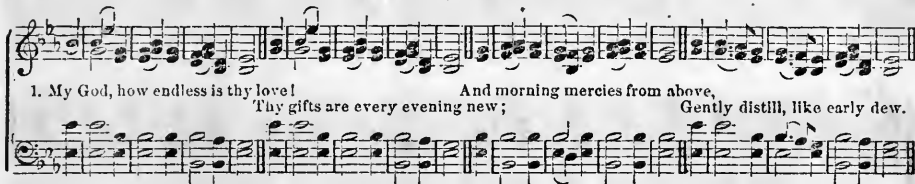
trav'lers in. Lift your heads, ye gold-en gates! Let the lit-tle trav'-lers in.
of the main." Lift your heads, &c.

3. "All our ea-thly journey past,
Every tear and pain gone by,
Here together meet at last
At the portals of the sky.

Each the welcome 'Come' awaits,
Conq'ers over death and sin!"
Lift your heads, ye golden gates!
Let the little trav'lers in.

GRATITUDE. L. M.

BOST.



1. My God, how endless is thy love! And morning mercies from above,
Thy gifts are every evening new; Gently distill, like early dew.

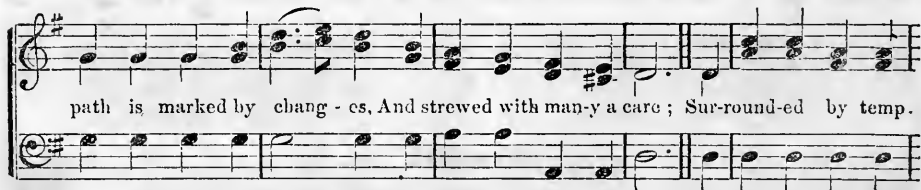
2. Thou spread'st the curtains of the night,
Great Guardian of my sleeping hours!
Thy sovereign word restores the light,
And quickens all my drowsy powers.

3. I yield my powers to thy command;
To thee I consecrate my days;
Perpetual blessings, from thy hand,
Demand perpetual songs of praise.



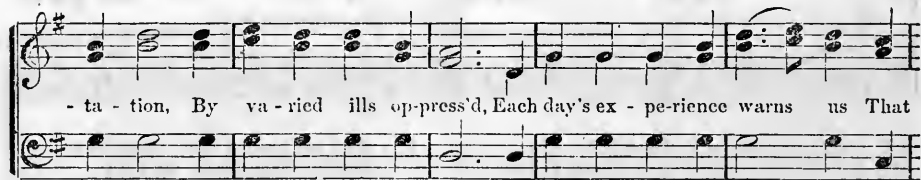
1. We have no home but heav - en, A pil - grim garb we wear, Our

The first system of musical notation for 'The Pilgrim's Song'. It consists of a treble and a bass staff, both in 4/4 time and with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The melody is written in the treble staff, and the bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment. The lyrics '1. We have no home but heav - en, A pil - grim garb we wear, Our' are written below the treble staff.



path is marked by chang - es, And strewed with man-y a care ; Sur-round-ed by temp.

The second system of musical notation. It continues the melody and accompaniment from the first system. The lyrics 'path is marked by chang - es, And strewed with man-y a care ; Sur-round-ed by temp.' are written below the treble staff.



- ta - tion, By va - ried ills op-press'd, Each day's ex - pe-rience warns us That

The third system of musical notation, which concludes the song. The lyrics '- ta - tion, By va - ried ills op-press'd, Each day's ex - pe-rience warns us That' are written below the treble staff.

Chorus.

this is not our rest. We have no home but heaven! We want no home be -

Repeat softly.

- side; O God! our Friend and Fa - ther! Our foot-steps thith-er guide!

2 We have no home but heaven!
 Then wherefore seek one here?
 Why murmur at privations,
 Or grieve when trouble's near?
 It is but for a season,
 That we as strangers roam,
 And strangers must not look for
 The comforts of a home.—*Cho.*

3 We have no home but heaven!
 How cheering is the thought,
 How bright the expectations
 Which God's own word has taught.
 With eager hearts we hasten,
 The promised bliss to share!
 We have no home but heaven!
 O, would that we were there!—*Cho.*

1. I- will a lit - tle pil - grim be, Re - solved a - lone to fol - low thee,
 2. I will my heart to thee re - sign, Thine on - ly, Je - sus, be thou mine,
 3. My lips shall be employed to bless The Lord, who is my righteousness;

S:

Thou Lamb of God who now art gone, Up to thy ev - er - last - ing throne.
 Thee would I leave and give my mind, To hap - pi - ness the way to find.
 My joy to serve, and praise, and love, And then to reign with him a - bove.

Fine.

D. S. My way di - rect, my footsteps guide, And soon with thee may I a - bide.

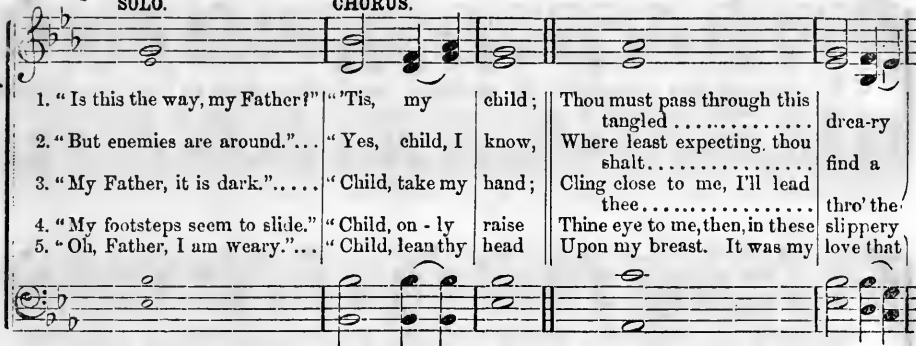
Chorus.

A lit - tle pil - grim here I come, Dear Saviour, take me to thy home;

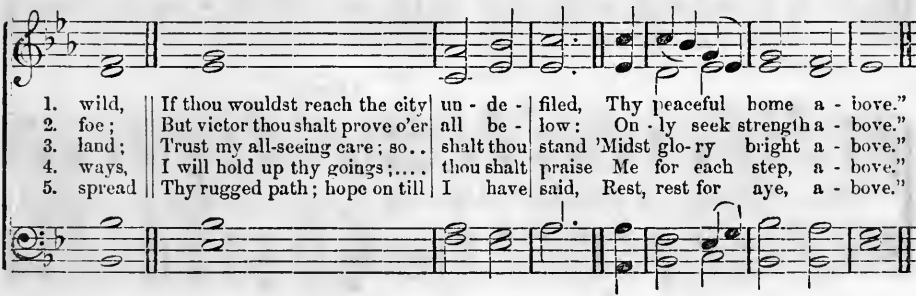
D. S.

SOLO.

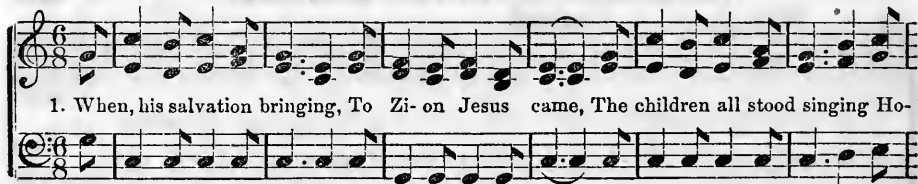
CHORUS.



1. "Is this the way, my Father?"	"Tis, my child;	Thou must pass through this tangled	drea-ry
2. "But enemies are around."...	"Yes, child, I know,	Where least expecting, thou shalt.....	find a
3. "My Father, it is dark."....	"Child, take my hand;	Cling close to me, I'll lead thee.....	thro' the
4. "My footsteps seem to slide."	"Child, on - ly raise	Thine eye to me, then, in these	slippery
5. "Oh, Father, I am weary."...	"Child, lean thy head	Upon my breast. It was my	love that



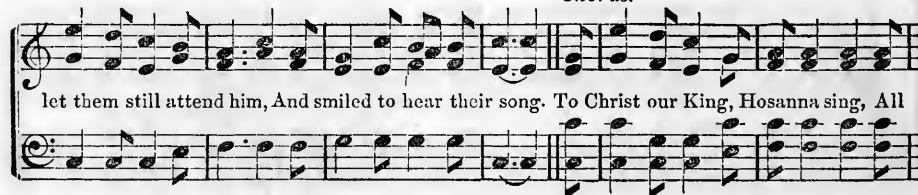
1. wild,	If thou wouldst reach the city	un - de - filed,	Thy peaceful home a - bove."
2. foe;	But victor thou shalt prove o'er	all be - low;	On - ly seek strength a - bove."
3. land;	Trust my all-seeing care; so..	shalt thou stand	'Midst glo-ry bright a - bove."
4. ways,	I will hold up thy goings;....	thou shalt praise	Me for each step, a - bove."
5. spread	Thy rugged path; hope on till	I have said,	Rest, rest for aye, a - bove."



1. When, his salvation bringing, To Zi- on Jesus came, The children all stood singing Ho-



- san- na to his name! Nor did their zeal of- fend him, But as he rode a - long, He

Chorus.

let them still attend him, And smiled to hear their song. To Christ our King, Hosanna sing, All



praise on earth be given. To Christ our King Hosan-na sing, He rules o'er earth and Heaven.

2. And since the Lord retaineth
His love for children still ;
Though now as King he reigneth
On Zion's heavenly hill :
We'll flock around his banner,
Who sits upon the throne ;
And cry aloud, " Hosanna
To David's royal Son."—*Chorus.*

3. For should we fail proclaiming
Our great Redeemer's praise ;
The stones, our silence shaming,
Might well hosanna raise.
But shall we only render
The tribute of our words ?
No ! while our hearts are tender,
They, too, shall be the Lord's.—*Chorus.*

O, DO NOT BE DISCOURAGED.

1. O, do not be discouraged,
For Jesus is your friend,
O, do not be discouraged,
For Jesus is your friend.
He will give you grace to conquer,
He will give you grace to conquer,
And keep you to the end.

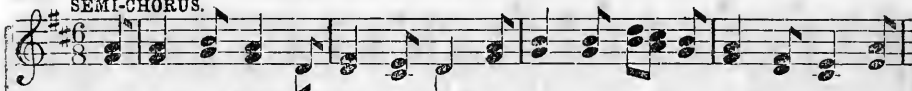
Cho.—I am glad I'm in this army,
Yes, I'm glad I'm in this army,
Yes, I'm glad I'm in this army,
And I'll battle for the School.

He will give you grace to conquer
And keep you to the end.


2. Fight on, ye little soldiers,
The battle you shall win,
Fight on, ye little soldiers,
The battle you shall win.
For the Saviour is your Captain,
For the Saviour is your Captain,
And he has vanquished sin.

Cho.—I am glad I'm in the army, &c.

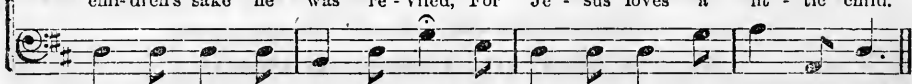
SEMI-CHORUS.



1. I know 'tis Je - sus loves my soul, And makes the wounded sin - ner whole; My
2. How kind is Je - sus, oh, how good! 'Twas for my soul he shed his blood; For



na - ture is by sin de - filed, Yet Je - sus loves a lit - tle child.
chil - dren's sake he was re - viled, For Je - sus loves a lit - tle child.



CHORUS.



Let us praise him, sweet-ly sing - ing, Let us praise him, praise him bring - ing,

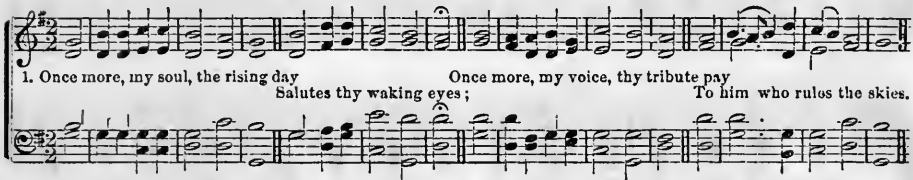




3. When I offend by thought or tongue,
Omit the right, or do the wrong:
If I repent, he's reconciled,
For Jesus loves a little child.
Chorus—Let us praise him, &c.

4. To me may Jesus now impart,
Although so young, a gracious heart;
Alas! I'm oft by sin defiled:
Yet Jesus loves a little child.
Chorus—Let us praise him, &c.

PETERBOROUGH. C. M.



2. Night unto night his name repeats,
The day renews the sound;
Wide as the heaven, on which he sits,
To turn the seasons round.

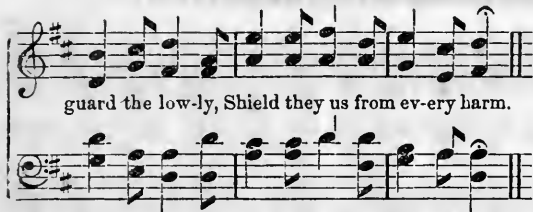
3. 'Tis he supports my mortal frame,
My tongue shall speak his praise;
My sins would rouse his wrath to flame,
And yet his wrath delays.

1. God's an - gels come from heaven on high To keep me safe from harm, To
 2. They keep a care - ful watch at night A-round my peace - ful bed; They

CHORUS.

guard my bed from dan - ger nigh, My bo - som from a - larm. Bless-ed an - gels,
 will not let an e - vil light Up - on my slumbering head. Bless-ed, &c.

pure and ho - ly! Why should we e'er feel a - larm! Sent from heaven to



guard the low-ly, Shield they us from ev-ery harm.

3. They love to hear an infant pray
And praise the Name divine;
I can not hear their songs, but they
Can hear and join in mine.—*Cho.*
4. They guard my path to heaven, and they
At last my soul will bear
Upon their shining wing away,
Their happiness to share.—*Cho.*

THE LORD'S PRAYER. CHANT.

Musical notation for the 'THE LORD'S PRAYER' chant. It consists of two staves: a treble staff and a bass staff. The treble staff begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The melody is written in whole and half notes. The bass staff begins with a bass clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The accompaniment is written in chords, primarily using whole and half notes. The piece concludes with a double bar line.

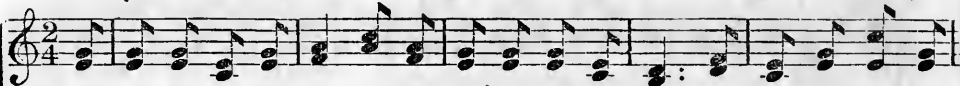
1. Our Father, who art in heaven;.....	hallow - ed	be	thy	name;
2. Give us this.....	day	our	dai - ly	bread;
3. And lead us not into temptation, but de -	liv -	er	us	from evil;

Musical notation for the 'THE LORD'S PRAYER' chant. It consists of two staves: a treble staff and a bass staff. The treble staff begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The melody is written in whole and half notes. The bass staff begins with a bass clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The accompaniment is written in chords, primarily using whole and half notes. The piece concludes with a double bar line.

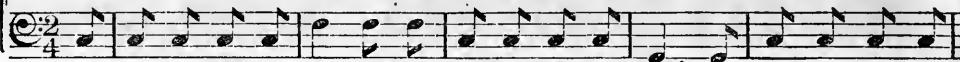
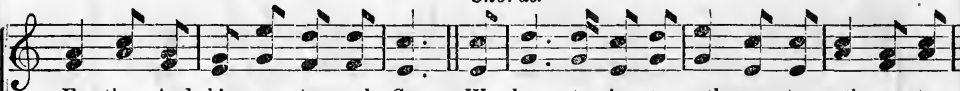
Thy kingdom come; thy will be done on.....	earth, as it	is	in	heaven;
And forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive.....	them that	tres -	pass a -	gainst us;
For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for -	ev -	er.	A -	men.

Words by Rev. E. S. PORTER.

T. J. COOK.



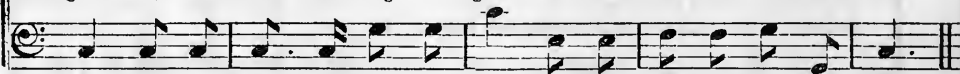
1. We love to sing to - geth - er, Our hearts and voi - ces one, To praise our heav - en - ly
 2. We love to pray to - geth - er, To Je - sus on his throne, And ask that he will

*Chorus.*

- Fa - ther, And his e - ter - nal Son. We love to sing to - geth - er, to - geth - or, to -
 ev - er, Ac - cept us as his own.

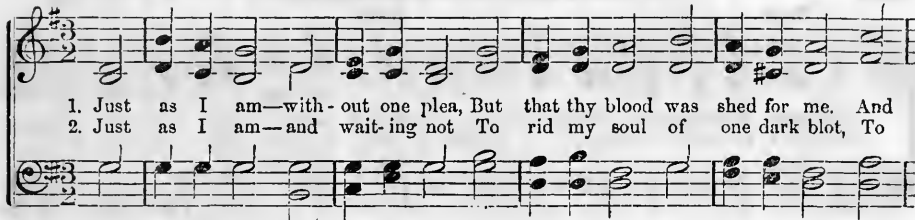


- geth - er, We love to sing to - geth - er, Our hearts and voi - ces one.

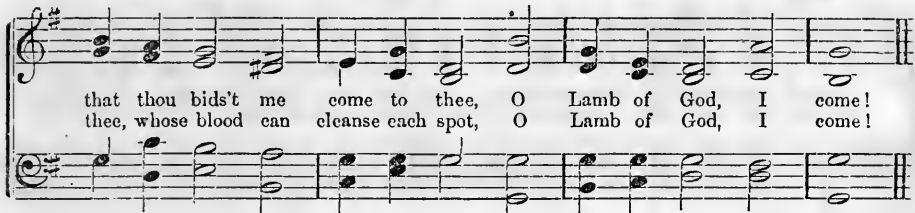


3. We love to read together
 The Word of saving truth,
 Whose light is shining ever,
 To guide our early youth.

4. We love to be together
 Upon the Sabbath day,
 And strive to help each other
 Along the heavenly way.



1. Just as I am—with-out one plea, But that thy blood was shed for me. And
 2. Just as I am—and wait-ing not To rid my soul of one dark blot, To



that thou bids't me come to thee, O Lamb of God, I come!
 thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God, I come!

3. Just as I am—though tossed about
 With many a conflict, many a doubt,
 Fighting within, and fear without,
 O Lamb of God, I come!
4. Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind—
 Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
 Yea, all I need, in thee to find,
 O Lamb of God, I come!

5. Just as I am, thou wilt receive,
 Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve,
 Because thy promise, I believe,
 O Lamb of God, I come!
6. Just as I am, thy love, unknown,
 Has broken every barrier down;
 Now to be thine, yea, thine alone,
 O Lamb of God, I come!

*Boys.**Girls.*

1. Hark! ten thousand harps and voi - ces, Sound the notes of praise a - bove ;
 2. Je - sus, hail ! whose glo - ry brightens All a - bove, and give it worth ;

*Boys.**Girls.*

Je - sus reigns and heaven re - joic - es, Je - sus reigns, the God of love.
 Lord of life, thy smile en - lightens, Cheers, and charms thy saints on earth.

All.

See, he sits on yon - der throne ; Je - sus rules the world a - lone,
 When we think of love like thine, Lord, we own it love di - vine,

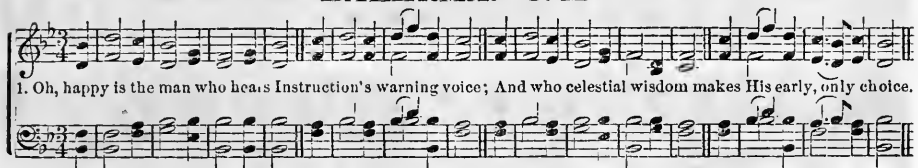


See, he sits on yon - der throne; Je - sus rules the world a - lone.
When we think of love like thine, Lord, we own it love di - vine.

3. King of glory, reign for ever,
Thine an everlasting crown;
Nothing from thy love shall sever,
Those whom thou hast made thine own:
Happy objects of thy grace,
Destined to behold thy face.

4. Saviour, hasten thine appearing,
Bring, O bring the glorious day;
When, the awful summons hearing,
Heaven and earth shall pass away;
Then with golden harps we'll sing
Glory, glory to our King.

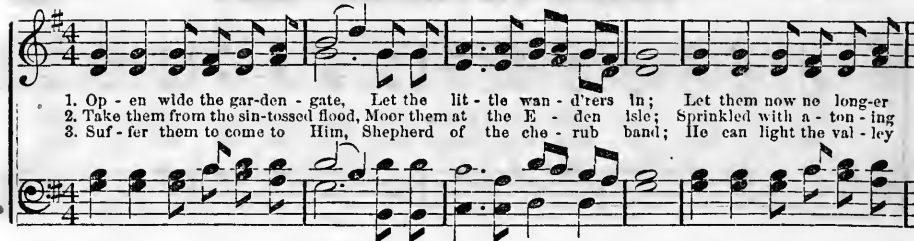
BALERMA. C. M.



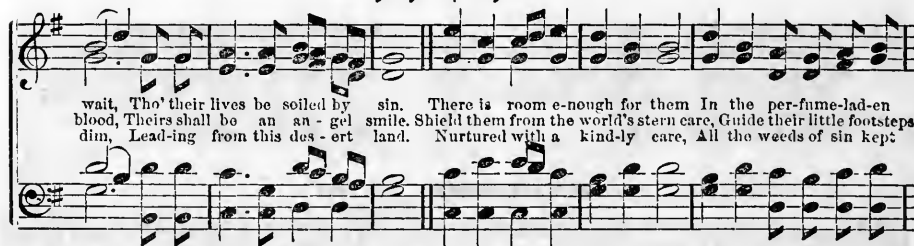
1. Oh, happy is the man who hears Instruction's warning voice; And who celestial wisdom makes His early, only choice.

2. For she hath treasures greater far,
Than east and west unfold,
And her rewards more precious are
Than all their stores of gold.

3. She guides the young with innocence
In pleasure's paths to tread;
A crown of glory she bestows
Upon the hoary head.



1. Op - en wide the gar - den - gate, Let the lit - tle wan - d'ers in; Let them now no long - er
 2. Take them from the sin - tossed flood, Moor them at the E - den isle; Sprinkled with a - ton - ing
 3. Suf - fer them to come to Him, Shepherd of the che - rub band; He can light the val - ley



wait, Tho' their lives be soiled by sin. There is room e-nough for them In the per-fume-lad-en
 blood, Theirs shall be an an - gel smile. Shield them from the world's stern care, Guide their little footsteps
 dim, Lead-ing from this des - ert land. Nurtured with a kind-ly care, All the weeds of sin kept



bowers, Room for many a spark - ling gem 'Mid the Gard - ener's liv - ing flowers.
 right; Let them breathe the heaven-ly air, Let them see its liv - ing light.
 down, Gold - en fruits their lives shall bear, Till they win their spark-ling crown.

CHRIST CARING FOR US.

Arranged. 99

1. I will nev-er, nev-er leave thee, I will nev er thee for-sake, I will guide, and
2. When the storm is raging round thee. Call on Me in humble prayer; I will fold my

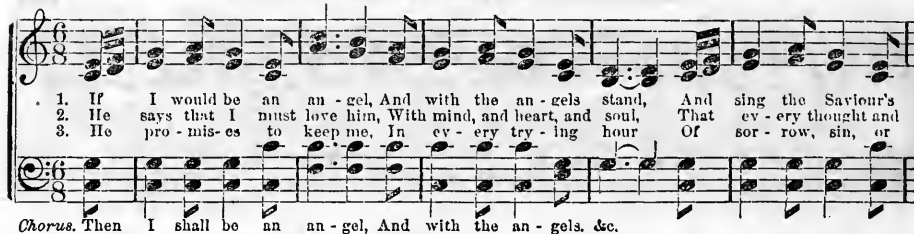
D. S. For I'll nev-er,

Fine.
save, and keep thee. For My name and mercy sake. Fear no e - vil, Fear no e - vil,
arms about thee, Guard thee with the tend'rest care. In the tri - al, In the tri - al,

nev-er leave thee, I will-nev-er thee forsake.

D. S.
On - ly all My coun-sel take;
I will make thy pathway clear;

- 3 When the sky above is glowing,
And around thee all is bright,
Pleasure, like a river flowing,
All things tending to delight,
I'll be with thee, I'll be with thee,
I will guide thy steps aright. For I'll, &c.
4 Thou may'st leave my care and keeping,
Thou may'st wander far from me,
Sorrow, then, and woe, and weeping,
Mercy must mete out to thee,
To the righteous, To the righteous,
My rich blessings all are free.
And I'll never, &c.

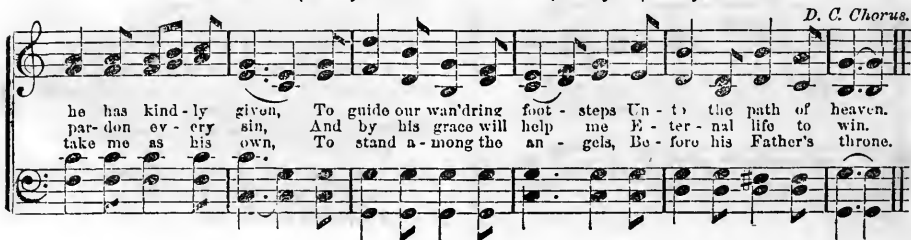


1. If I would be an an - gel, And with the an - gels stand, And sing the Saviour's
 2. He says that I must love him, With mind, and heart, and soul, That ev - ery thought and
 3. He pro - mis - es to keep me, In ev - ery try - ing hour Of sor - row, sin, or

Chorus. Then I shall be an an - gel, And with the an - gels, &c.



Fine.
 prais - es, In yon - der hap - py land - I must o - bey his pre - cepts, Which
 ne - tion, Must yield to his con - trol; That, if I hum - bly ask him, He'll
 dan - ger, If I but trust his power; And when this life is o - ver, He'll



D. C. Chorus.
 he has kind - ly given, To guide our wan'dring foot - steps Un - to the path of heaven.
 pardon ev - ery sin, And by his grace will help me E - ter - nal life to win.
 take me as his own, To stand a - mong the an - gels, Be - fore his Father's throne.

THERE IS A LAND.

T. E. P. 101

1. There is a land of pure de - light, Where saints im - mor - tal reign ;
 2. O, could we make our doubts re - move, Those gloom - y doubts that rise,

Fine.
 E - ter - nal day ex - cludes the night, And pleas - ures ban - ish pain.
 D. C. Death, like a nar - row sea, di - vides 'This heavenly land from ours.
 And see the Ca - naan that we love, With un - be - cloud - ed eyes:
 D. C. Not Jor - dan's stream, nor death's cold flood, Should fright us from the shore.

D. S.
 There ev - er - last - ing spring a - bides, And nev - er - fail - ing flowers ;
 Could we but climb where Mo - ses stood, And view the land - scape o'er ;

DUET.

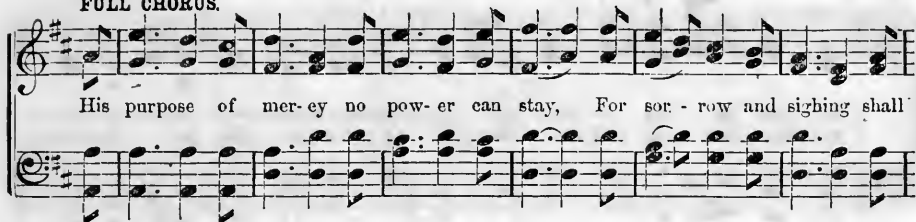
1. Joy for the sor-row-ful, strength for the weak, Words of be-nev-o-lence,

Je-sus doth speak; His pur-pose of mer-cy no pow-er can stay, For sor-row and

sigh-ing shall both flee a-way, For sor-row and sigh-ing shall both flee a-way.

From the "GOLDEN SHOWER," by permission.

FULL CHORUS.



His purpose of mer-ey no pow-er can stay, For sor-row and sighing shall



both flee a-way, For sor-row and sigh-ing shall both flee a-way.

2.

Joy for the sorrowful, sight for the blind,
The dumb singing praises, the savage made kind,
The lame leaping high; these are signs of the day,
When sorrow and sighing shall both flee away.

Chorus.—The lame, &c.

3.

Joy for the sorrowful, laughter and song,
Among the redeemed who journey along,

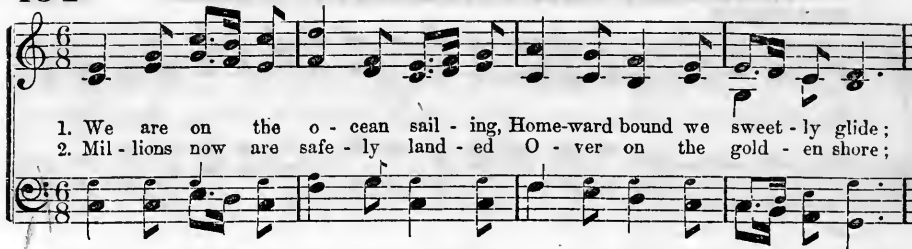
All looking for rest at the end of the way,
When sorrow and sighing shall both flee away.

Chorus.—All looking, &c.

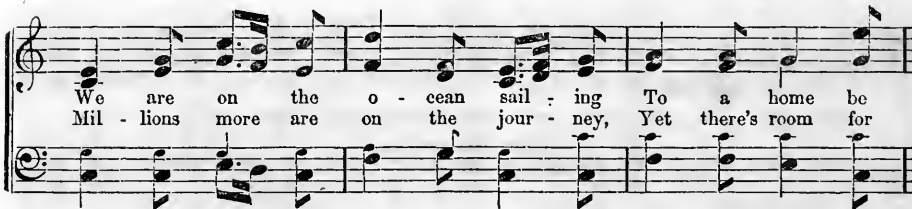
4.

Joy for the sorrowful; Spirit of God!
If on toward Zion but feebly I've trod,
Oh, strengthen my soul, and still lead me, I pray,
Till sorrow and sighing have both fled away.

Chorus.—Oh, strengthen, &c.

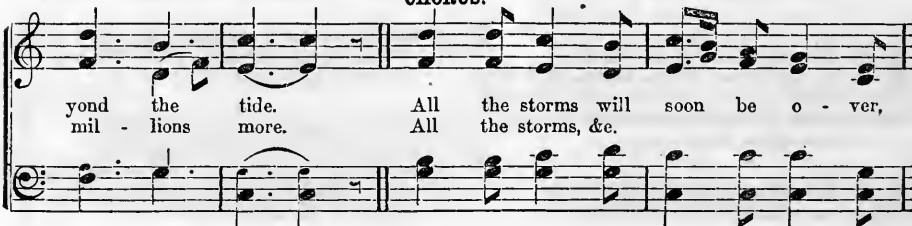


1. We are on the o - cean sail - ing, Home - ward bound we sweet - ly glide ;
2. Mil - lions now are safe - ly land - ed O - ver on the gold - en shore ;



We are on the o - cean sail - ing To a home be
Mil - lions more are on the jour - ney, Yet there's room for

CHORUS.



yond the tide. All the storms will soon be o - ver,
mil - lions more. All the storms, &c.

The musical score is written on two systems of staves. Each system consists of a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The melody is in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The lyrics are written below the treble staff. The first system of music corresponds to the lyrics 'Then we'll an - chor in the har - bor; We are on the'. The second system of music corresponds to the lyrics 'o - cean sail - ing To a home be - yond the tide.' The music ends with a double bar line.

Then we'll an - chor in the har - bor; We are on the

o - cean sail - ing To a home be - yond the tide.

3. Come on board, and "ship" for glory,
Be in haste—make up your mind!
For our vessel's weighing anchor,
You will soon be left behind.

Chorus.—All the storms, &c.

4. You have kindred over yonder,
On that bright and happy shore;
By and by we'll swell the number,
When the toils of life are o'er.

Chorus.—All the storms, &c.

5. Spread your sails, while heavenly breezes
Gently waft our vessel on;
All on board are sweetly singing—
Free salvation is their song.

Chorus.—All the storms, &c.

6. When we all are safely anchored
Over on the shining shore,
We will walk about the city,
And will sing for ever more.

Chorus.—All the storms, &c.

Words by Rev. E. S. PORTER.

T. J. C.

1. In the far bet-ter land of glo - ry and light The ran-som'd are sing - ing in
 2. Like the sound of the sea swell their Chorus of praise, Round the star-cir-cled crown of the

ar - ments of white; The harp - ers are harp - ing; and all the bright train Sing the
 an - cient of days; And thrones and do - min - ions re - ech - o the strain Of

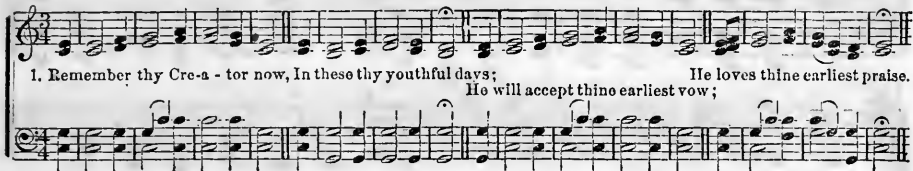
song of Redemption, The Lamb that was slain, The Lamb that was slain, The Lamb that was slain.
 Glo - ry, E - ter - nal, To him that was slain, To him that was slain, To him that was slain.

The musical score is written for a four-part choir (Soprano, Alto, Tenor, Bass) and piano accompaniment. It features a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 4/4 time signature. The melody is primarily carried by the Soprano and Alto parts, with the piano providing harmonic support through chords and bass lines. The lyrics are printed below the vocal staves, with two verses of text provided for the first system.

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>2. Dear Saviour, may we with our voices so faint,
Sing the chorus celestial with angel and saint?
Yes! yes! we will sing, and thine ear we will
gain
With the song of Redemption—The Lamb that
was slain.</p> | <p>3. Now children, and teachers, and friends all
unite
In a loud hallelujah with the ransomed in light;
To Jesus we'll sing that melodious strain,
The song of Redemption—The Lamb that was
slain.</p> |
|--|---|

PHILLIPS. C. M.

I. B. W. *By permission.*



1. Remember thy Cre-a - tor now, In these thy youthful days; He loves thine earliest praise.
He will accept thine earliest vow;

2. Remember thy Creator now,
Seek him while he is near;
For evil days will come when thou
Shalt find no comfort here.
3. Remember thy Creator now,
His willing servant be;
Then, when thy head in death shall bow,
He will remember thee.
4. Almighty God, our hearts incline
Thy heavenly voice to hear;
Let all our future days be thine,
Devoted to thy fear.

Jesus, my Saviour.

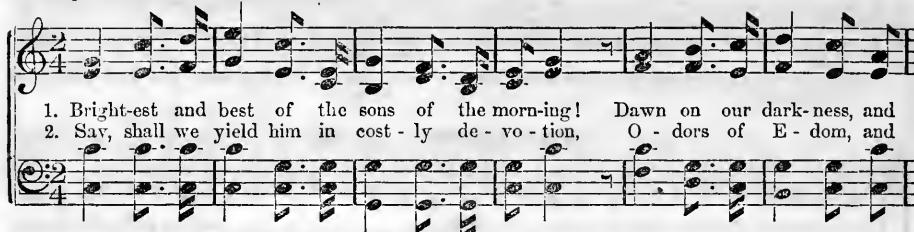
1. JESUS, my Saviour and my Lord,
To thee I lift mine eyes;

Teach and instruct me by thy word,
And make me truly wise.

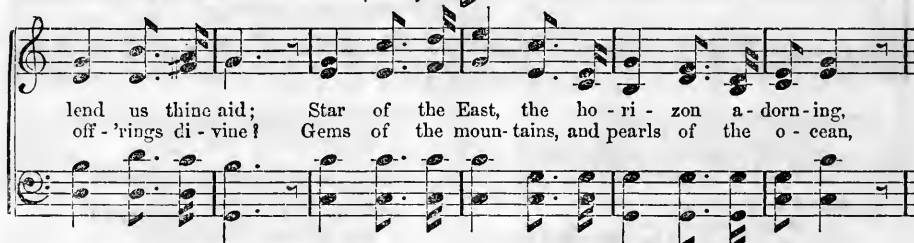
2. Make me to know and understand
Thy whole revealed will;
Fain would I learn to comprehend
Thy love more clearly still.
3. Help me to read the Bible o'er
With ever new delight:
Help me to love its Author more;
To seek thee day and night.
4. Oh, let it purify my heart,
And guide me all my days;
Its wonders, Lord, to me impart,
And thou shalt have the praise.

QUARTETTE or SEMI-CHORUS.

S. J. VAIL.

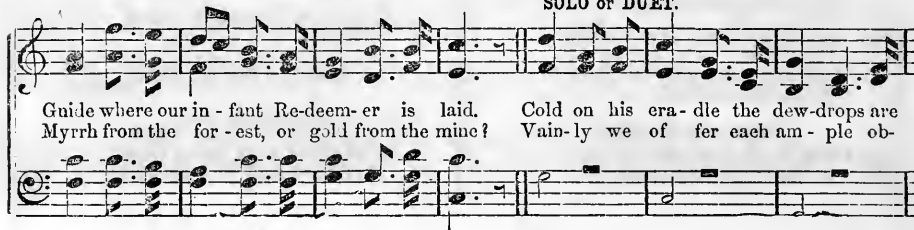


1. Bright-est and best of the sons of the morn-ing! Dawn on our dark-ness, and
 2. Sav, shall we yield him in cost-ly de-vo-tion, O-dors of E-dom, and




lend us thine aid; Star of the East, the ho-ri-zon a-dorn-ing,
 off-'rings di-vine! Gems of the moun-tains, and pearls of the o-cean,


SOLO or DUET.




Guide where our in-fant Re-deem-er is laid. Cold on his era-dle the dew-drops are
 Myrrh from the for-est, or gold from the mine? Vain-ly we of fer each am-ple ob-



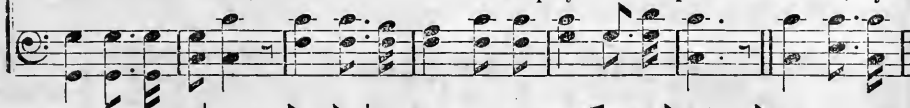

shining; Low lies his head with the beasts of the stall: An-gels a-dore him, in
la-tion, Vain-ly with gold would his fa-vors se-cure: Rich-er, by far, is the




FULL CHORUS.
(May be omitted.)



slumber re-clin-ing, Mak-er, and Monarch, and Sav-iour of all! An-gels a-
heart's a-dor-a-tion; Dear-er to God are the prayers of the poor. Rich-er, by

- - dore him, in slum-ber re-clin-ing, As Mak-er, and Monarch, and Sav-iour of all!
far, is the heart's a-dor-a-tion; And dear-er to God are the prayers of the poor.



1. Rally round the flag, boys, Give it to the breeze, That's the banner we love, On the land and seas, Brave hearts are none
 2. Floating high a-bove us, Glowing in the sun, Speaking loud to all hearts Of a freedom won, Who dares to sully it

Fine.

Let the traitors brag, Gallant lads, fire away, And fight for the flag. { Their flag is but a rag, Ours is the true one
 Bought with precious blood, Gallant lads we'll fight for it, Tho' ours should { Up with the stars and stripes, Down with the new one
 swell the flood. { Raise, then, the banner high, Ours is the true one
 Up with the stars and stripes, Down with the new one

m *sempre cresc.* *ff* *D.*

Let our col-ors fly, boys, Guard them day and night, For vic-to-ry is lib-er-ty, And God will bless the right.

YOUTHFUL OFFERINGS.

111

WORDS FROM DADMUN'S EOLIAN HARP, by permission.

MUSIC BY REV. A. BROOKS.

1. We are lit-tle flow-er buds, Of life's ear-ly spring, And our lit-tle of-ferings
D. S. Saying, of such lit-tle ones

To our Fa-ther bring. Though we ver-y small may be, God hath call'd us his;
Heaven's great kingdom is.

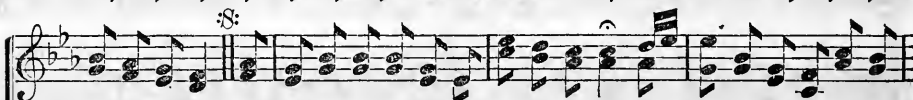
D. S.

2 We are taught the way to heaven
In our Sunday School,
And our actions here to guide
By the golden rule.
Much we love our little school,
And our teachers kind,
Who with earnest, patient zeal
Guide each youthful mind.

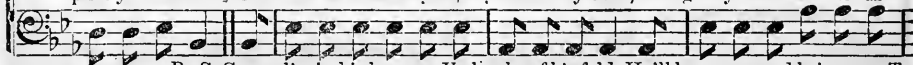
3 Come, and see our Sunday School
On some Sabbath day,
And the scene presented you
Richly will repay.
For we little flower buds
Of life's early spring,
Sound aloud our joyful strains
To our Saviour King.



1. Come, come lit - tle chil-dren, Come all un - to me, From sin and from sorrow, I
2. Far up in the heav-ens My king-dom is laid, Of such lit - tle children, As
3. Come, then, lit - tle chil-dren, Your hearts give to me, Your sins I'll for-give you, And



bid you be free ; Come lie 'in my bosom, Ye lambs of my fold, I'll keep you, and bring you To
you, it is made, Bright crowns on their foreheads, And harps in their hands, They ever sing praises In
pure you shall be, On earth I will bless you, If you are my own, And give you hereaf ter A



D. S. Come, lie in his bo-som, Ye lambs of his fold, He'll keep you and bring you To
Fine. Chorus.



glo - ries un-told. Come, come, come one and all, List to the Sav-iour's call,
that hap-py land.
heav-en - ly crown.



glo - ries un-told.

* The first part may be sung as a solo by a little child.

1. { To do to oth - ers as I would That they should do to me, Will make me honest, kind and good, As
The Sunday-school, the Sunday-school! It is the place I love; For there I learn the golden rule, Which

chil-dren ought to be. }
leads to joys a - bove. }

2.
I know - should not steal nor use,
The smallest thing I see,
Which I should never like to lose
If it belonged to me.
The Sunday-school, &c.

3.
And this plain rule forbids me quite
To strike an angry blow,

Because I should not think it right
If others served me so.
The Sunday-school, &c.

4.
But any kindness they may need,
I'll do, whate'er it be;
As I am very glad indeed
When they are kind to me.
The Sunday-school, &c.

FEDERAL STREET. L. M.

H. K. OLIVER. *By permission.*

1. Prayer is appointed to convey Long as they live should Christians pray,
The blessings God designs to give; For only while they pray they live.

2. If pain afflict or wrongs oppress,
If cares distract or fears dismay,
If guilt deject, if sin distress,
In every case still watch and pray.

3. 'Tis prayer supports the soul that's weak,
Tho' thought be broken, language lame:

Pray, if thou canst or canst not speak,
But pray with faith in Jesus' name.

4. Depend on him, thou canst not fail;
Make all thy wants and wishes known;
Fear not, his merit must prevail;
Ask but in faith, it shall be done.

1. In the Chris-tian's home in glo - ry, There re - mains a land of
2. He is fit - ting up my man - sion, Which e - ter - nal - ly shall

The first system of music consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a time signature of 2/2. It contains two measures of music, each with a repeat sign. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature, also containing two measures of music, each with a repeat sign. The lyrics are written below the staves, with the first line starting under the first measure of the upper staff and the second line starting under the first measure of the lower staff.

rest, There my Sa-viour's gone be - fore me, To ful - fill my soul's re - quest.
stand; For my stay shall not be tran - sient In that ho - ly, hap - py land.

The second system of music also consists of two staves in treble and bass clefs with a key signature of one sharp and a time signature of 2/2. It contains two measures of music, each with a repeat sign. The lyrics continue from the first system, with the first line starting under the first measure of the upper staff and the second line starting under the first measure of the lower staff.

CHORUS.
There is rest for the wea - ry, There is rest for the wea - ry, There is
There is rest, &c.

The chorus section consists of two staves in treble and bass clefs with a key signature of one sharp and a time signature of 2/2. It contains two measures of music, each with a repeat sign. The lyrics are written below the staves, with the first line starting under the first measure of the upper staff and the second line starting under the first measure of the lower staff.

rest for the wea-ry, There is rest for you. On the oth-er side of

This system of musical notation is for the first line of the song. It features a treble and bass staff in the key of D major (two sharps). The melody is written in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The lyrics are written below the notes.

Jer-dan, In the sweet fields of E-den, Where the tree of life is

This system of musical notation is for the second line of the song. It continues the melody and accompaniment from the first system. The lyrics are written below the notes.

bloom-ing, There is rest for you.

This system of musical notation is for the third line of the song. It concludes the main melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the notes.

3. Pain and sickness ne'er shall enter,
Grief nor woe my lot shall share,
But in that celestial centre
I a crown of life shall wear.—*Cho.*
4. Sing, oh, sing, ye heirs of glory;
Shout your triumphs as you go;
Zion's gates will open for you,
You will find an entrance through.—*Cho.*

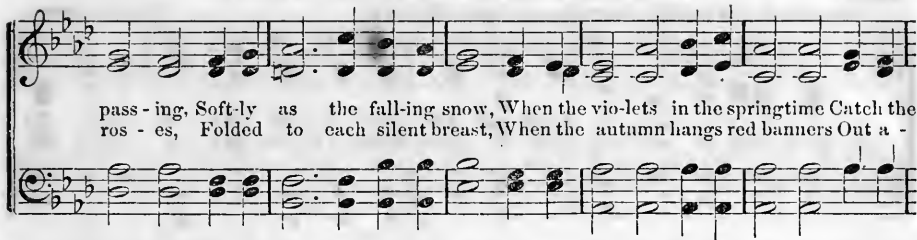
1. My coun - try, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty, Of thee I sing; Land where my
 2. My nat - ive coun - try! thee, Land of the no - ble free, Thy name I love; I love thy
 3. Let mu - sic swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees Sweet freedom's song, Let mor - tal

fa - thers died; Land of the pil - grim's pride; From ev - ery mountain side Let freedom ring.
 rocks and rills, Thy woods and temp - led hills; My heart with rap - ture thrills, Like that a - bove.
 tongues a - wake; Let all that breath partake; Let rocks their si - lence break, The sound pro - long.

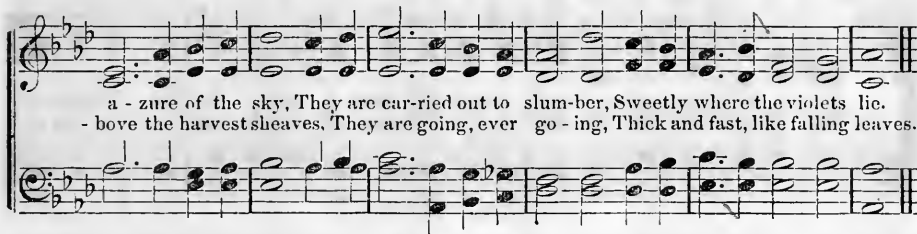
GOING HOME.

T. F. SEWARD.

1. They are go - ing, on - ly go - ing; Je - sus called them long a - go, All the wintry time they're
 2. They are go - ing, on - ly go - ing; When with summer earth is dressed, In their cold hands holding



pass - ing, Soft-ly as the fall-ing snow, When the vio-lets in the springtime Catch the
ros - es, Folded to each silent breast, When the autumn hangs red banners Out a -



a - zure of the sky, They are car-ried out to slum-ber, Sweetly where the violets lie.
- bove the harvest sheaves, They are going, ever go - ing, Thick and fast, like falling leaves.

3. They are going, only going
Out of pain and into bliss,
Out of sad and sinful weakness
Into perfect holiness ;
Snowy brows, no care shall shade them ;
Bright eyes tears shall never dim ;
Rosy lips, no time shall fade them :
Jesus called them unto him.

4. Little hearts for ever stainless ;
Little hands as pure as they ;
Little feet by angels guided,
Never a forbidden way !
They are going, ever going,
Leaving many a lonely spot ;
But 'tis Jesus who has called them :
"Suffer, and forbid them not."

Words by H. L. FRISBIE, from "SABBATH SCHOOL HOSANNA."

T. E. PERKINS.

1. Je - ru - sa - lem, so bright and fair, Beau - ti - ful land of rest! No
 2. We long to see thy pear - ly gates, Beau - ti - ful land of rest! Oh,

gloomy night, nor sor - row there, Beau - ti - ful land of rest! Je - sus, the Sun, for
 for its op'n - ing still we wait, Beau - ti - ful land of rest! And when our toils and

ev - er reigns O'er all these bright, ce - les - tial plains, And angels sing in rapturous strains,
 cares are o'er, Those who have crossed the stream before Will welcome us to Canaan's shore,

CHORUS.

In the land of rest. Beau-ti - ful land of rest! Beau-ti - ful land of
To the land of rest. Beau-ti - ful land, &c.

rest! Our wait - ing souls im - patient stand To see that beau-ti - ful land.

3.

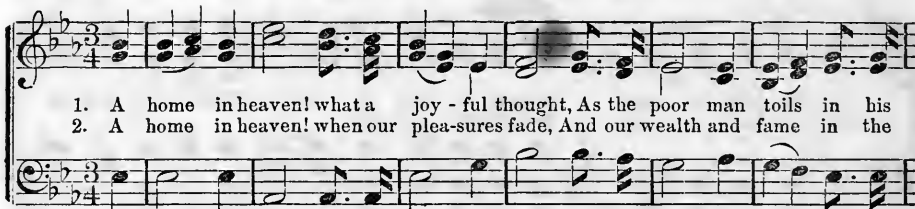
Our waiting heart with rapture beats,
Beautiful land of rest!
When shall we walk thy golden streets,
Beautiful land of rest!
We're marching onward, staff in hand,
To reach that holy, happy land;
And soon we'll meet the pilgrim band
In the land of rest.

Chorus. Beautiful land, &c.

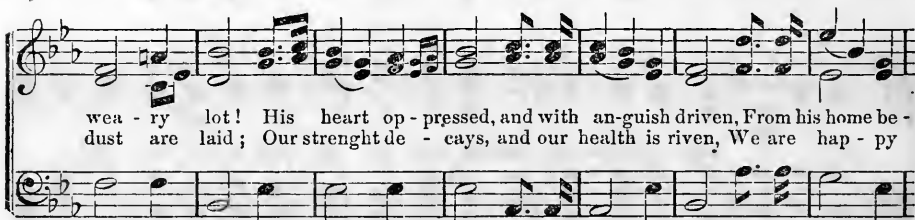
4.

Unto the river's banks we've come,
Beautiful land of rest!
Each moment brings us nearer home,
Beautiful land of rest!
There millions who've the vict'ry found
Have laid their cross and armor down;
Yet we are striving for the crown
In the land of rest.

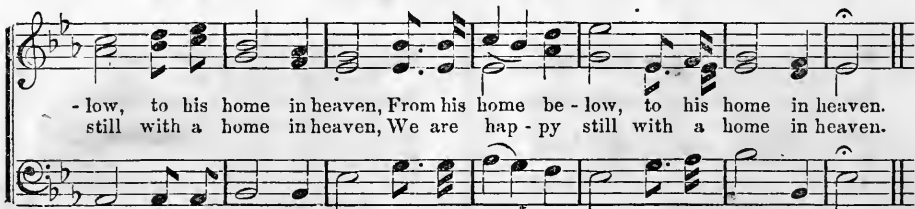
Chorus. Beautiful land, &c.



1. A home in heaven! what a joy - ful thought, As the poor man toils in his
2. A home in heaven! when our plea-sures fade, And our wealth and fame in the



wea - ry lot! His heart op - pressed, and with an-guish driven, From his home be -
dust are laid; Our strenght de - cays, and our health is riven, We are hap - py



- low, to his home in heaven, From his home be - low, to his home in heaven.
still with a home in heaven, We are hap - py still with a home in heaven.

Chorus.



3.

A home in heaven ! as the sufferer lies
 On his bed of pain, and uplifts his eyes
 To that bright world : what a joy is given :
 By the blessed thought of a home in heaven,
 By the blessed thought of a home in heaven.
Cho. A home, a home, &c.

4.

A home in heaven ! when our friends are fled,
 To the cheerless gloom of the mouldering death:
 We wait in hope on the promise given ;
 We shall meet again in our home in heaven,
 We shall meet again in our home in heaven.
Cho. A home, a home, &c.

*Slowly.**From "CYTHARA," by permission.*

1. Pil-grim, is thy journey drear? Are its lights ex - tinct for - ev - er? Still suppress the

ris - ing fear,— God for-sakes the righteous, nev - er! Nev - er, nev - er, nev - er.

2.

Storms may gather o'er thy path,
 All the ties of life may sever;
 Still, amid the fear of death,
 God forsakes the righteous never!
 Never, never, never.

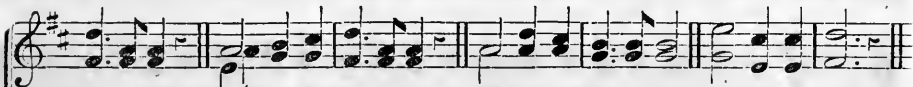
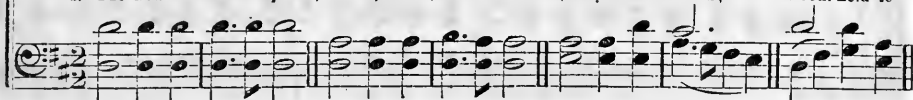
3.

Pain may rack the wasting frame,
 Health desert thy couch for ever,
 Faith still burns with deathless flame,
 God forsakes the righteous never!
 Never, never, never.



1. The God of Harvest praise; In loud thanksgiving raise Hand, heart, and voice;
2. The God of Harvest praise, Hands, hearts, and voices raise, With sweet accord;

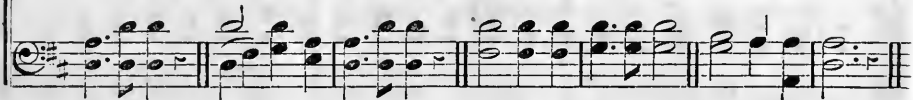
The val-leys
From field to



laugh and sing,
garner throng,

For - ests and mountains ring,
Bear-ing your sheaves along,

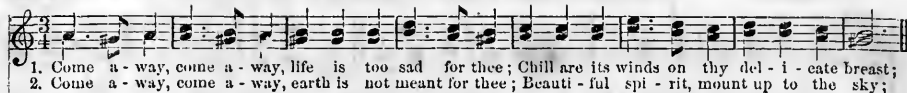
The plains their tribute bring, The streams re-joice.
And in your harvest song Bless ye the Lord.



COME, THOU ALMIGHTY KING.

1. Come, thou almighty King!
Help us thy name to sing,
Help us to praise:
Father! all-glorious,
O'er all victorious,
Come, and reign over us,
Ancient of days!
2. Come, thou incarnate Word!
Gird on thy mighty sword;
Our prayer attend:
Come, and thy people bless,
And give thy word success;
Spirit of holiness!
On us descend.

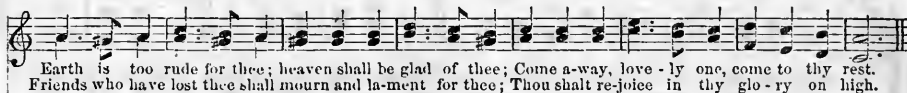
3. Come, holy Comforter!
Thy sacred witness bear,
In this glad hour:
Thou, who almighty art,
Now rule in every heart,
And ne'er from us depart,
Spirit of power!
4. To the great One in Three,
The highest praises be,
Hence evermore!
His sovereign majesty
May we in glory see,
And to eternity
Love and adore.



1. Come a - way, come a - way, life is too sad for thee; Chill are its winds on thy del - i - cate breast;
2. Come a - way, come a - way, earth is not meant for thee; Beauti - ful spi - rit, mount up to the sky;



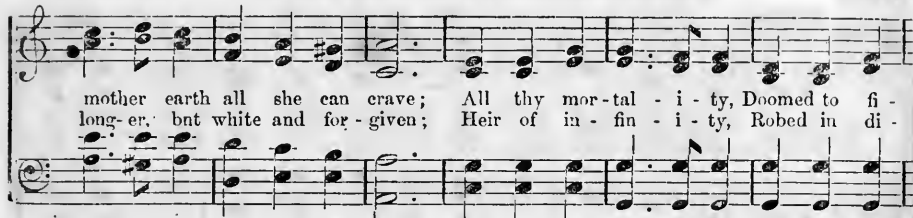
PIANO.



Earth is too rude for thee; heaven shall be glad of thee; Come a-way, love - ly one, come to thy rest.
Friends who have lost thee shall mourn and la-ment for thee; Thou shalt re-joice in thy glo - ry on high.




Low in thy nar - row bed Lay down my gen - tle head; Give back to
Spread thy bright wings, and soar Spot-less for ev - er - more, Sin - stained no



mother earth all she can crave; All thy mor-tal - i - ty, Doomed to fi -
long-er, but white and for-given; Heir of in - fin - i - ty, Robed in di -



nal - i - ty, Leave it be - hind, in the dust of the grave. Leave it be -
vin - i - ty, Come a - way, hap - py one! come up to heaven! Come a - way,



hind, in the dust of the grave!
hap - py one! come up to heaven!

Moderato.

1 { O say, can you see, by the dawn's ear - ly light, What so
Whose broad stripes and bright stars thro' the per - i - lous fight, O'er the

proud - ly we hail'd at the twi - light last gleam - ing? }
ram - parts we watch'd, were so gal - lant - ly stream - ing; } And the rock - et's red

glare, the bombs burst - ing in air, Gave proof thro' the night that our

flag was still there; O say, does the star-span-gled ban-ner still

wave, O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave?

2.

On the shore, dimly seen through the mist of the deep,
Where the foe's haughtily host in dread silence reposes,
What is that, which the breeze o'er the towering steep,
As it fitfully blows, half conceals, half discloses?
Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam,
In full glory reflected now shines on the stream;
'Tis the star-spangled banner, oh, long may it wave
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.

3.

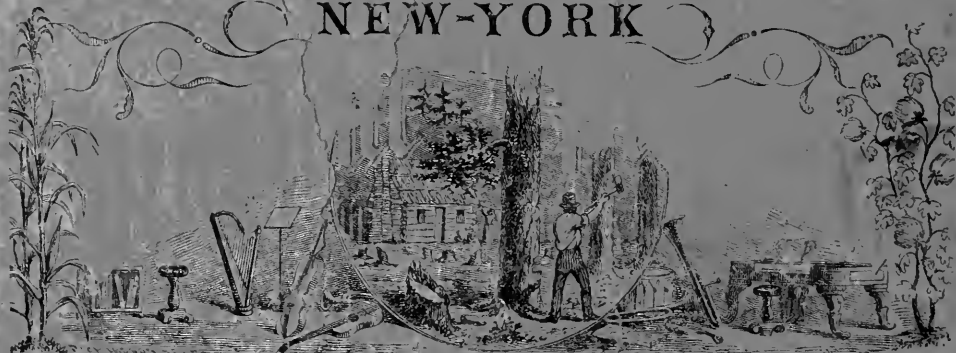
Oh, thus be it ever, when freemen shall stand
Between their loved home and war's desolation;
Bless'd with victory and peace, may the heaven-rescued
land
Praise the power that hath made and preserved us a
nation.
Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just,
And this be our motto—"In God is our trust!"
And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall, &c.

INDEX.

	PAGE		PAGE		PAGE
A charge to keep.....	55	Jesus loves me.....	13	Sweet land of rest.....	50
A Home in Heaven.....	120	Jesus, my Saviour, and my Lord.....	167	Sweetly sing.....	44
A light in the window.....	30	Jesus shall reign.....	35	Sweet rest in Heaven.....	34
America.....	116	Jesus, Shepherd of the sheep.....	63	Sweet words of Jesus.....	70
Azmon.....	61	Jesus, tender Shepherd, lead us.....	29	Take my heart.....	29
Balerma.....	97	Joy for the Sorrowful.....	102	The beautiful Land.....	74
Beautiful City.....	19	Just as I am.....	95	The Christian's Hope.....	59
Beautiful land of rest.....	118	Life, a Summer's Day.....	76	The Christian Pilgrim.....	122
Blessed Angels.....	92	Little Travelers.....	82	The Gospel Banner.....	17
Bright beams from Heaven.....	63	Lord, teach a sinful child.....	45	The guiding Hand.....	87
Brightest and best.....	108	Love's Redeeming Story.....	79	The happy Land.....	9
Chide mildly the erring.....	27	My Heavenly Home.....	47	The heavenly Land.....	25
Christ caring for us.....	99	Nearer, my God.....	64	The Land of Glory bright.....	106
Come, Holy Spirit, come.....	75	Nearer my Home.....	42	The little Christian Soldier.....	20
Come, thou Almighty King.....	123	New Marching Along.....	80	The lonely Traveler.....	7
Come to thy rest.....	124	Norina.....	123	The Lord's Prayer.....	98
Cross and Crown.....	89	Nothing but leaves.....	12	The love of Jesus.....	19
Dare to be right.....	14	Oh, be glad, ye Children.....	13	The Morning Sun.....	3
Dear Saviour, when, &c.....	45	Oh, do not be discouraged.....	89	The Name of Jesus.....	65
Duke Street.....	35	Oh for a closer walk.....	45	Then I shall be an Angel.....	100
Evan.....	45	Oh, how He loves.....	46	The Pilgrim's Song.....	84
Evening Hymn.....	17	One of Jesus' lambs am I.....	68	There is a land.....	101
Father, whatever of earthly bliss.....	61	Only the sunbeams.....	32	There is an hour.....	15
Federal Street.....	113	Oh, sing to me of Heaven.....	69	There's rest and joy.....	66
God's holy Day.....	23	Our Guide.....	29	The Sabbath School.....	4
Going Home.....	116	Our happy home in Heaven.....	53	The Saviour's Call.....	112
Golden Rule.....	113	Our home with Jesus.....	37	The Stars and Stripes.....	110
Gratitude.....	83	Peterborough.....	91	The Star Spangled Banner.....	126
How are thy servants.....	85	Phillips.....	107	They are blest.....	48
How beauteous are their feet.....	35	Praise to Christ.....	96	Try, keep trying.....	36
How dearly God must love us.....	26	Rest for the Weary.....	114	Watching on Judæa's plain.....	56
Huntington.....	75	Sabbath.....	51	We are on the ocean sailing.....	104
I know that Jesus loves my soul.....	94	Sleeping in Jesus.....	19	Webb.....	16
I long to be there.....	20	Spirit Voices.....	8	We'll stand the storm.....	41
I love the blessed Sabbath day.....	40	Stand up for Jesus.....	22	We love to sing together.....	94
Invitation of Jesus.....	75	Suffer them to come.....	93	When his salvation bringing.....	88
I want a heart to pray.....	55	Sunday School Army.....	52	When shall the voice of singing.....	17
I want to be an angel.....	43	Snpplication.....	63	Will you go there.....	72
I was a wandering sheep.....	54	Sweetest Name.....	6	Ye valiant soldiers.....	78
I will a little pilgrim be.....	86	Sweet hour of Prayer.....	5	Yonthful Offerings.....	111
Jaynes.....	28	Sweet is the time of Spring.....	55	Zephyr.....	19
Jesus died for me.....	62				



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